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JENNY LIND IN AMERICA.

It is in the destiny of the United States, as we have been called upon more than once to observe, to undergo a "flurry," or general disturbance, periodically. It matters little what the moving cause may be: it is not even necessary that the object of the movement should be understood by the mass of the people. Certain persons, whether of the press in its regular organization, or volunteers in the puffing and advertising departments, self-appointed bell-wethers of the flock, no sooner tinkle the bell than the whole community is put upon the scamper, and away they hurry over fence, hill, brook, and brier, in breathless pursuit. Among the most tumultuous of these general movements, that which has lately arisen in connexion with M^{lle} Lind is not the least remarkable. As if to try the vague excitability of our people by the ultimate test, she voluntarily foregoes on her visit to this country, her most intelligible accomplishments, declines to appear upon the stage, and confines herself almost exclusively to selections of Italian music; which are the remotest from the sympathies, and least apprehensible to the culture of the American community. Thousands rush to the concert room from every quarter; plain folk, farmers and their wives, goodly deacons, even those who have steadily set their faces against all this thing in every form, pour in from town and country; and although they care very little for Jenny Lind and Italian music in themselves, they have heard the bell ring, and are determined to find where the clapper lies. Packed and piled up in swarms, they sit the night through, listening to what they do not understand—there is a modicum of applause (for how can they applaud unless they know something of what they are applauding)—and the thousands drain off, as from the contemplation of a mysterious mirage, or bewildering and unsatisfactory meteor. What amount of money; of dressing; of coaching and caring; of fanning and flower; of telegraph and quill, have been

expended on this last excitement, heaven only knows.

And now as practical persons—we take the liberty to ask—with all respect for the enterprise which brought M^{lle} Lind to this country, and for the undoubted good gifts of that worthy lady—What have we to show for all this enormous expenditure? We do not ask for any physical or palpable result. But what can we recall of genuine emotion, of heart-delight, of honest self-respectful enjoyment, derived from and connected with this boundless uproar? Is the cause of the opera advanced a jot among us? Are the real prospects of Italian music bettered? Has there been a single seed dropped into the ground during this ceaseless and unwearied harrowing of the public, which promises to bear fruit and to live? Or has it been merely a wind sweeping the country, leaving that bare and barren which it found so?

For our own parts, regarding the whole excitement as altogether disproportioned to the occasion, we think it much more likely to work an injury than an advantage, as helping to establish false standards of judgment, and accustoming our people to a habit of becoming the prey to mere notoriety and clamor. We should at least attempt to cultivate sufficient self-respect to understand why it is and what it is that we are called on to admire, applaud, expend, and immolate ourselves for. Let us at least be sure whether our gods are of wood, stone, or hay and stubble; and whether they are inspired by the divine afflatus or not. It is a small business for a great nation to allow itself to be roused up thus from one end to the other by foreign agencies; to lend itself to inordinate excitements on trust; and, after all is over—till the next time—to not be able to give the least account to itself of what all this hubbub has been about. It strikes us that any one caught in this condition—when his false fever has subsided—must look very like a great fool.

ODDS AND ENDS.

CONTRIBUTED TO THE LITERARY WORLD, BY AN OBSOLETE WRITER.

NO. I.—HAPPINESS.

THERE probably was never an age of the world in which so much pains were taken to make mankind better and happier; and yet, from the experience of a long life, as well as a pretty extensive acquaintance with past generations, derived from history, I doubt whether the present has much to boast of in comparison with the past. In morals we certainly have not improved upon the patriarchs of the Scriptures; and as regards happiness, the outward condition of a large portion of the human race, in countries that boast of the highest degree of civilization and refinement, will derive no triumphs from a comparison with those periods of pastoral simplicity which, however embellished by poetry, certainly once existed in the world.

After all, however, happiness, although

the universal pursuit of mankind, is not identified with any condition of life, any mode of enjoyment, or any advances in mere human knowledge. It is a creature of the mind more than of the body, and the most common error we commit is that of estimating the happiness of men by their possession of what we suppose the means of being happy. If it were possible for us to be content with our condition in life, without sinking into utter listlessness and apathy, that would probably come as nearly as anything to the *summum bonum* which so puzzled the ancient philosophers.

One day, as the Dervish Almoran, the wisest of all the followers of the Prophet, and the oracle of the chief Mufti of Stamboul, was sitting in a shady grove by the side of a bubbling fountain, on the shores of the Bosphorus, trying to find out the true road to happiness, in order that he might benefit his fellow creatures by communicating the discovery, his speculations were interrupted by a man richly clothed, who, approaching, sat down and sighed heavily, crying out at the same time, "Oh! Allah, I beseech thee to relieve me of life, or the burdens with which it is laden."

Almoran, who was a sort of amateur of misery, because it afforded him the pleasure of administering consolation, approached the man of sorrow, and kindly inquired the cause of his griefs:—"Art thou in want of food, of friends, of health, or any of those comforts of life that are necessary to human happiness; or dost thou lack the advice of experience, or the consolations of sympathy? Speak, for it is the business of my life to bestow them on my fellow creatures."

"Alas!" said the stranger, "I require none of these. I have all and more than I want of everything. I have all the means of happiness but one, and the want of that renders every other blessing of no value."

"And what is that?" asked the Dervish.

"I adore the beautiful Zulema; but she loves another, and all my riches and honors are as nothing. I am the most miserable of men; my life is a burden, and my death would be the greatest of blessings."

Before Almoran could reply, there approached a poor creature, clothed in rags, and leaning on his staff, bowed down to the earth with a load of misery. He sat down moaning, as if in great pain, and casting his eyes upwards, exclaimed, "Allah! be my star; for I have none other!"

The Dervish went to him and kindly said, "What aileth thee, poor man? Perhaps it may be in my power to relieve thy distresses. What wastest thou?"

"Everything," replied the beggar; "health, food, kindred, friends, a home—everything. I am an outcast and a wanderer, destitute of every comfort of life. I am the most miserable of mankind; for in addition to my own sufferings, I see others around me revelling in those luxuries for lack of a small portion of which I am perishing."

At this moment a third man approached, with weary steps and languid look, and casting himself down by the side of the fountain, stretched out his limbs at free

length, and yawning desperately, cried out, "Allah! what shall I do? what will become of me? I am tired of life, which is nothing but a purgatory of wants, that when supplied only produce disappointment or disgust."

Almorán approached and asked, "What is the cause of thy misery? What wantest thou?"

"I want a want," answered the other. "I am cursed with the misery of fruition. I have wasted my life in acquiring riches that brought me nothing but disappointment, and honors that no longer gratify my pride, or repay me for the labor of sustaining them: I have been cheated into the pursuit of pleasures that turned to pain in the enjoyment, and my only want is that I have nothing to desire. I have everything I wish, and yet I enjoy nothing."

Almorán paused a few moments, utterly at a loss to find a remedy for this strange malady, then said to himself, "Allah! preserve me; I see it is all the same whether men want one thing, everything, or nothing. It is impossible to make such beings happy, and may I eat dirt if I trouble myself any more in so vain a pursuit."

Then, taking up his staff, he went on his way.

ON GOING ABROAD.

WHEN tides are observed on the water, or the wind, the philosopher looks upon them as subjects of reflection, not complaint. They may dilute puncheons of rum in the merchant's cellar, a little more than usual, by their overflow, or demolish the beaver of some *parvenu*, who carries his head too high; but every body else overlooks these consequences in the study of their causes. There is a tide also among men—not of their affairs, but bodies. The currents of the atmosphere have been recently suspected by Mr. Maury to be controlled by magnetism. Such seems also to be the power which is setting the stream of men to Europe at the present time. An affinity evidently existed between some magnet in the transatlantic hemisphere, and the gold and silver in our rich men's pockets. As every one goes of course wherever his pocket does, the present emigration to the old country is easily accounted for. The reverse immigration of the Irish and other poor of Europe is as obviously produced by the lack of money in their fobs; for the attractive agent having nothing to lay hold of, they consequently fly off spontaneously, like feathers from the earth, being so light-hearted and empty-handed as to excuse them from any sort of obedience to the law of gravity, sometimes, or for that matter, to any other.

This subject opens so large a field, that there is danger of being lost in it. We certainly don't intend to survey it all. One powerful reason for going abroad has just been mentioned, but it is not the only one. It takes many cords to draw such a multitude so far across the ocean. Of late years the climate of this country has undergone deleterious changes most unfriendly to the constitution of a portion of our citizens. A kind of intolerable itching has taken hold most fatally of the clerical profession. Upon consultation with the faculty, we cannot learn of its appearance here till about the time of the laying of the keels of our safe, luxurious, and rapid lines of packet ships. It grew worse apace on the arrival in our waters of the steamship *Sirius*; and the Cunard vessels introduced among our clergy

generally, who resided in the vicinity of the ports at which they touched, an absolute epidemic, which Collins's line has done nothing to alleviate. The uncomfortable disorder we have imperfectly described to be a sort of itching, must not be supposed on that account to be cutaneous. It lies a good deal deeper than the skin, and is generally accompanied by a marked flightiness of the brain. But what a spirit of mercy reigns even in the sorest visitations to poor humanity! This terrible distemper has a remedy as well as the small pox. A voyage to Europe, especially when prolonged to the healthy regions of the Pontine Marshes, the Dead Sea, and Cataracts, is known to be productive of a perfect cure. But, alas! unlike the disgusting disease which we have mentioned, for this no prophylactic has been discovered. The patient can have it ever so many times, but all to no purpose. He can be as often cured as an inebriate, yet his recovery is temporary. You may inoculate or vaccinate him with a journey to Niagara, the Lakes, and Canada—they will do little good. He will catch the contagion again as soon as exposed, even more easily than at first. A voyage to Europe will not save him from the necessity of its repetition. Its preventive power, like the *Variola Vaccina*, wears out in about seven years, and the process must be repeated.

Now observe what a beautiful compensation is interposed under all these cruel dispensations. The time spent necessarily in the work of restoration, is far from being lost. Most fortunately the scene for this powerful medication is commonly where improvement in religious and moral intelligence and practice are most likely to be obtained—such as the purlieus of Paris, the morally-invigorating atmosphere of Italian cities, and the very instructive and spiritual Pagan worship of the East. The other professions are not equally liable to this infection, which is another very remarkable circumstance, because if they were, they could have little hope that either their clients or their patients would emulate the good-natured example of congregations, and make up generous purses to enable them to give a desperate chase after health over all the fashionable thoroughfares recommended in the Guide Books. The disease we have been speaking of is as singular for its cure as for its cause. It yields not at all to the art of medicine; the fine arts only possessing any efficacious force. The studio of the sculptor and the painter are found alone successful when every other study is avoided as an instrument of mischief.

The balance of trade is known to be a very tender point with us Americans; in fact, it is almost the point of honor. Our merchants, it is thought by some, are managing this delicate matter most discreetly. The drift of their manœuvre is to send out empty vessels, and bring full ones back. The idea appears ingenious, and capable of considerable expansion. Accordingly we have been helping them for some time past, by largely exporting our young men and others, pretty much in ballast, in the hope of filling up their empty nodules for a profitable return cargo. We are assured that the furnishing of the outfits in a multitude of cases has cost the country as little as the greatest patriot could wish. The only doubt is whether, on the other hand, the imports have been better. This policy has not been

pursued without strenuous objections on the part of some who think that persons going abroad ought to know a little of their own country before they leave for another; and that a slight acquaintance with some foreign tongue might possibly not come amiss in gainful communications with the natives. But all such captious observations are easily refuted by the plain statements that empty hogsheads of course hold most; and none but a simpleton would send a full bucket to the well.

Agreeably to these views, one has a right to think, the country must be great gainers by this intellectual commerce. Going abroad, as so many do, with a perfect qualification of ignorance of their own country, as well as everything relating to those whither they are bound, they are totally free from prejudice, or any pre-conceived opinions. They have also obviously everything to acquire and not an idea to lose. Our country sends abroad blank paper, and it comes home, written all over with a philosophy, of which we shall, no doubt, some day understand the import.

From such accomplished travellers, we shall be likely to learn everything which a deaf and dumb man with good eyesight could inform us. The outside shell of communities will be carefully reported, though with as little knowledge of their interior, as one might gain of the inside of a melon from looking at the external rind as he passes along the market. The traveller would probably begin by describing the wonders of the stormy sea, surprised no doubt that our so much lauded modern art had not made a paved level of the ocean, as well as land, and provided each passenger with a pocket tempest-stopper. His astonishment increases on arrival at a French port to find there even little fellows, not taller than a yard-stick, talking French with perfect fluency, while he himself is puzzled to say a word that any soul can comprehend, though he has thumbed his dictionary and grammar for a whole college life, and once delivered an oration in that tongue, for which he received the title of "the young Lamartine."

After a short experience he discovers to his disappointment, that the sky is quite as blue, and the earth just as dirty as at home, and that his own mind has undergone less alteration than his purse. His new accessions are emotional, and what he first took for influx of fresh intelligence, turns out to be strange feelings only, which evaporate in the act of noting down. Accordingly, he wonders, as all his friends at home do also, at the very little he has to communicate, and is amazed at what becomes of all the impressions things are perpetually making on his eyes and ears. And the scantiness of intellectual importations—there is plenty of others—made by persons returning from abroad, has for some time been a subject of considerable speculation. We have a theory on the subject, which is, that most persons on being suddenly ushered into a strange country become galvanized. This lasts some months, during which their life is principally sensational, which is easily mistaken for a new intellectual experience. A stay of a year or two abroad will probably, and certainly a return home, gradually impair, and finally dismiss these hallucinations. Traces of the powerful influences to which young minds are frequently subjected, and by which, alas! they are some-

times irrecoverably subdued, are afterwards perceivable for a long time, perhaps for ever. But generally, they die away, like love fits, into tender recollections of dark-eyed, flower-loving grissettes, moonlight visits to the coliseum, or the transitory intoxications of masked balls, picture galleries, and the grand opera. One of the best ministrations of travel seems to be, to furnish rich materials for pleasing and poetical associations. What new ideas shall originate by a powerful culture of the foreign mind, will be best communicated by themselves in books; and we may be certain, will not be committed to their visitors to divulge. The acquisition of old ones depends more upon the pupil than the instructor, on both sides of the ocean. But novel impressions from extraordinary scenes in nature and creation, in fact, must be made severally on every individual soul. Personal and profound experience can alone help the imagination with material to work upon; and associations derived from society and commanding events, must stimulate and give an intellectual direction to its action.

First impressions of a foreign country are apt to be the best. So it is with other things. We honor young men who were delighted with their first dinner in a certain college "Commons," who shortly afterwards headed a rebellion for the reformation of the cuisine. So valuable are first thoughts, that if one neglects them, there is danger of not having any others. So true it often is, that if a man stops to think, he will possibly have nothing to say.

If Mr. Dickens had not turned his thoughts immediately into ink, they would have dried up like other warm slops. Now, they will live a while, like half-grown cucumbers preserved in vinegar. Had he waited till they ripened, they would have been good for nothing.

The benefit of travel depends upon the traveller. With regard to young people at a certain age, travel as well as tutors frequently enjoy the credit that is really due to time; the youth grows wiser merely because he waxes older. However, there are doubtless useful hints obtainable on going abroad. One is, as we have heard, the conviction for the first time that the United States are a republic. It is not a strange thing for tender parents to be nervous on the absence of their offspring for a single night. Yet they seize at the first chance of exposing them to all the temptations of the capitals of Europe. Such is the present course of education, and the approved tuition in morality. Apparently, the hint is taken from the poultry yard. To-day the mother hen solicitously broods her offspring beneath her wings; to-morrow forcibly drives them from her. The philosophy, not in the hen, but the human, probably is this: the virtue, which is subjected to a fiery exposure, must become hardened into pure steel. The adage has it, that a rolling stone, which we take to be the traveller, gathers no moss. Therefore, it may be hoped that nothing bad will stick to it. But, unluckily, on the other hand, it may be feared for the same reason that it will hold on to nothing good. What a man practises he will be likely to learn. If vagrancy be the constantly repented lesson, will domestic habits be the acquisition? Some, as the French for instance, are said to place the family at the bottom of the ladder. If that is so, the

question may be put, since communities are composed of families, will such a people ever rise upon it to the topmost round of purity and prosperity?

There is a good deal of sense in exporting our cotton, and flour, and pork to foreign States for sale, but not quite so much is visible, I confess, in sending out our products to the World's Fair, and our non-producers with them, for no other purposes than to have them both returned to us after paying charges, in a damaged state. We are deeply indebted to the mind and heart of the old world, but these are engraved in books, which may be read by the light of the western sky. All else are sentiment and romance. When these spring up spontaneously from our native soil, let them be cherished as the choicest aliment of the soul. But I am an advocate for heavy duties at the Custom House on all importations of packages of earth from Jerusalem, and demijohns of water from the Jordan. Our rivers cannot be sanctified by tributes from foreign streams; our soul will not become more classic by being intermingled with the blood-steeped dirt of any of the ancient continents. Bottles of Helicon are stale and flat in comparison with effervescing tumblers from Saratoga Spring. Our poets will sing as well on Croton as if they slaked their thirst at the Pierian Fount itself, or even on a pipe of the true Falernian.

What reason is there to suppose that persons will make a better use of the superior culture of a foreign country, while sojourning in it, than they do of its literature before they quit their own? The custom is to look at and applaud the best books, and peruse the worst. Everybody sells his gold and silver, and carries only the cheapest currency in his pocket.

But something will adhere to one, will there not, who makes the fashionable tour? Undoubtedly. One cannot wander through so many fields, and bring away nothing with him. If the rose and honey-suckle do not stick to his skirts, the burr and cockle will. He may not hurt his country by bringing back an invoice of French silks and laces which pay a fine for the damage they produce; but he will inflict a deeper injury by importing a taste for them, for which no duty is exacted as a compensation. But though his country is not much benefited by his acquisitions, the harm he occasions lights, perhaps, chiefly on himself. Such a person never fails to imbibe the very nicest and most exquisite sensibility and taste for art. Of course, he is for ever afterwards tormented, because he is unable to bring home Rome and the Louvre in his baggage. The remainder of his days is therefore necessarily spent in turning up his nose at every native production of taste he meets. However, we owe him much. What should we know of coffee and boots; of the ballet, aye, and the ballet dancer, too; of dining at 6 and 7; and sixes and sevens; of salads, and soups, and soaps; and a million of other necessities of life, had nobody gone abroad. And there is a polish in such persons, likewise, which no one can deny, however they may effect to decry. Some people will say, no doubt, that bodies must undergo a hardening process, before they will "take on" such lustre; and that shilling pieces do not grow smooth till they have lost all their original impression, and much of their intrinsic value with it. Let them talk. As long as such coin is not "cried down" it will

be current, and currency among thousands is the test of value. DECUS.

LITERATURE.

MR. WEBSTER'S SPEECHES.*

Of the present race of public men and speech-makers of the United States, Mr. Webster is undoubtedly the finest rhetorician; and, in saying this, we do not wish to convey one jot of that disparaging sense in which rhetoric has got to be considered as a suspicious thing, existing at the expense of sound sense and just reasoning. Of rhetoric, as the literary art of oratory, Mr. Webster is a master. He knows how to wed the matter and the style; with an eye full on his present audience, he knows well the existence of a greater auditory beyond, to whom the appeal is not by the ear, but by the eye on the printed page; nor does his glance fail of a more distant people,—that posterity by whose award his genius must finally be determined. Webster's sentences will be borne to the future on the wings of a few striking metaphors. He is greatly indebted now to literary culture for his fame. The accessories of poetical quotations and a dignified procession of words are needed to support the single string of our orator's eloquence upon which he has somewhat exclusively harped of late.

A speech, it has been said, is good for nothing which reads well; and all have heard of Burke's audience who thought of dining while the great orator went on refining. There may be something in this, and a great deal where the speech is levelled directly at some immediate occasion, where the suffrage of the moment determines the interest at stake. The impression of the next day, the revised and printed copy of the speech, is then of little consequence. But when it is considered that in a highly civilized community the popular oratory of the hour becomes of less and less importance, as stage plays and acting decline for the same reason; that the press is the chief and paramount means of communication,—we may desire even in a speech the arts of a written composition. It gets to be allowed that a speech at a dinner table or the platform, may be, like the title of the reviewer's article, a trick to bring an important subject before the public,—a legal artifice by which the matter gets into court. Deny this construction, lay down the principle that all oratory must be confined to the demands of the immediate occasion, you must either disunite dining and speech-making, or be content with a volley of puns and crash of balderdash in time with the changing of plates and the popping of champagne. Who ever listens to a dinner speech unless with an anxiety for the last word? Who does not postpone the gratification of his ears to the leisurely enjoyment of his eyes over the next morning's report? One of Webster's speeches was lately delivered in the open air, during a soaking shower of two hours. The speech may have been dry enough, but the hearers could be recipient of nothing but catarrhs. Was it to be thrown away with the wet coats of the committee?

The people for whom eloquence is intended, nowadays, seldom hear it. The

* Mr. Webster's Speeches at Buffalo, Syracuse, and Albany, May, 1851. Mirror Office.
Oration of Mr. Webster, delivered July 4, 1851, at the Capital, on the Occasion of Laying the Corner Stone of the Extension of the Capital. National Intelligencer.

public appoints a certain set of useful functionaries, the standing committee, stereotyped invitation signers, platform men, &c., to go through the ceremonies and keep up the fiction. The orator sweats through the afternoon in the Park or the Astor House, but is only delivered of his speech in the "Herald" of the next morning.

Mr. Webster's recent oration at the laying the corner-stone of the extension of the Capitol, is an admirable example of his latest and best style. It is solid and weighty in its enumeration of great results, Mr. Webster handling facts in a masterly manner, with evidently fine qualities for the historian. The march of events is dignified and imposing. He is clear in his principles. Laying down in this address the political philosophy of America, how grand an army of statistics does he marshal in its defence. The simple representative democracy of America was never more clearly unfolded:

"Now, fellow-citizens, if your patience will hold out, I will venture, before proceeding to the more appropriate and particular duties of the day, to state, in a few words, what I take these American political principles in substance to be. They consist, as I think, in the first place, in the establishment of popular Governments, on the basis of representation; for it is plain that a pure democracy, like that which existed in some of the States of Greece, in which every individual had a direct vote in the enactment of all laws, cannot possibly exist in a country of wide extent. This representation is to be made as equal as circumstances will allow. Now, this principle of popular representation, prevailing either in all the branches of Governments, or in some of them, has existed in these States almost from the days of the settlements at Jamestown and Plymouth; borrowed, no doubt, from the example of the popular branch of the British Legislature. The representation of the people in the British House of Commons was, indeed, originally very unequal, and is yet not equal. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the appearance of Knights and Burgesses assembling on the summons of the Crown, was not intended at first as an assistance and support to the Royal prerogative, in matters of revenue and taxation, rather than as a mode of ascertaining popular opinion. Nevertheless, representation had a popular origin, and savored more and more of the character of that origin, as it acquired, by slow degrees, greater and greater strength, in the actual government of the country. In fact, the constitution of the House of Commons was a form of representation, however unequal; numbers were counted, and majorities prevailed; and when our ancestors, acting upon the example, introduced more equality of representation, the idea assumed a more rational and distinct shape. At any rate, this manner of exercising popular power was familiar to our fathers when they settled on this continent. They adopted it, and generation has risen up after generation, all acknowledging it, and becoming acquainted with its practice and its forms.

"And the next fundamental principle in our system is, that the will of the majority, fairly expressed through the means of representation, shall have the force of law; as it is quite evident that in a country without Thrones or Aristocracies or privileged castes or classes, there can be no other foundation for law to stand upon.

"And, as the necessary result of this, the third element is, that the law is the supreme rule for the government of all. The great sentiment of Alcæus, so beautifully presented to us by Sir William Jones, is absolutely indispensable to the construction and maintenance of our political systems:

"What constitutes a State?

Not high raised battlements or labored mound,

Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No—MEX, high-minded MEX,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rock and brambles rude:
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they read the chain:
These constitute a State;
And SOVEREIGN LAW, that State's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill."

"And, finally, another most important part of the great fabric of American liberty is, that there shall be written constitutions, founded on the immediate authority of the people themselves, and regulating and restraining all the powers conferred upon Government, whether legislative, executive, or judicial.

"This, fellow-citizens, I suppose to be a just summary of our American principles, and I on this occasion sought to express them in the plainest and in the fewest words. The summary may not be entirely exact, but I hope it may be sufficiently so to make manifest to the rising generation among ourselves, and to those elsewhere who may choose to inquire into the nature of our political institutions, the general theory upon which they are founded. And I now proceed to add, that the strong and deep-settled conviction of all intelligent persons amongst us is, that in order to support a useful and wise Government upon these popular principles, the general education of the people, and the wide diffusion of pure morality and true religion are indispensable. Individual virtue is a part of public virtue. It is difficult to conceive how there can remain morality in the Government when it shall cease to exist among the people; or how the aggregate of the political institutions, all the organs of which consist only of men, should be wise, and beneficent, and competent to inspire confidence, if the opposite qualities belong to the individuals who constitute those organs, and make up that aggregate."

A passage which preceded this, a quotation from an address on the prospect of America, in days preceding the Revolution, by Jonathan Shipley, the liberal Bishop of St. Asaph, was very striking. These are the sentences which Mr. Webster has marked in italics:

"The colonies in North America have not only taken root and acquired strength, but seem hastening with an accelerated progress to such a powerful state as may introduce a new and important change in human affairs. * * * And perhaps they may make as considerable advances in the arts of civil government and the conduct of life. * * * But must they rest here, as in the utmost effort of human genius? Can chance and time, the wisdom and the experience of public men, suggest no new remedy against the evils which vices and ambition are perpetually apt to cause? * * * May they not possibly be more successful than their mother country has been in preserving that reverence and authority which is due to the laws? to those who make, and to those who execute them? May not a method be invented of procuring some tolerable share of the comforts of life to those inferior useful ranks of men to whose industry we are indebted for the whole? Time and discipline may discover some means to correct the extreme inequalities of condition between the rich and the poor, so dangerous to the innocence and happiness of both. * * * The diversity of new scenes and situations, which so many growing States must necessarily pass through, may introduce changes in the fluctuating opinions and man-

ners of men which we can form no conception of."

In one of these paragraphs we have the first social element of our political science finely discriminated.

Mr. Webster then contrasts the statistical elements of progress of the years 1793 and 1851, in a long and minute comparative table, an affair altogether for the eye; too crowded for the mind to entertain during an harangue. But the orator rallies in his appeal to the men of Virginia:—"Ye men of Virginia, what do you say to all this? Ye men of the Potomac, dwelling along the shores of that river where Washington lived, and where he died, and where his remains now rest! Yes, so many of whom may see the domes of the Capitol from your own homes—what do you say?"

In the enumeration of the progress of the country in science and literature, it is a little singular that Mr. Webster should have omitted any reference to painting. Certainly our artists have kept pace with our authors. Indeed, the capacity for art springing spontaneously from the soil is one of the happiest present indications of the genius of the American people.

The tribute, however, to the education of the people, is consummate in its daring test for the millions of Europe. We will give you, says Mr. Webster to the European powers, one hundred and twenty-seven millions of people as a makeweight to your deficiency, and our common schools shall beat you then!

"There is yet another view. There are still higher considerations. Man is an intellectual being, destined to immortality. There is a spirit in him, and the breath of the Almighty hath given him understanding. Then only is he tending towards his own destiny, while he seeks for knowledge or virtue, for the will of his Maker, and for just conceptions of his own duty. Of all important questions, therefore, let this, the most important of all, be first asked and first answered: In what country of the habitable globe, of great extent and large population, are the means of knowledge the most generally diffused and enjoyed among the people? This question admits of one, and only one answer.—It is here; it is here in these United States; it is among the descendants of those who settled at Jamestown; of those who were Pilgrims on the shore of Plymouth; and of those other races of men who, in subsequent times, have become joined in this great American family. Let one fact incapable of doubt or dispute satisfy every mind on this point. The population of the United States is 23,000,000. Now, take the map of the continent of Europe, and spread it out before you. Take your scale and your dividers, and lay off in one area, in any shape you please, a triangle, square, circle, parallelogram, or trapezoid, and of an extent that shall contain 150,000,000 of people, and there will be found within the United States more persons who do habitually read and write than can be embraced within the lines of your demarcation."

Here, too, we notice the use of scriptural language, which, with his Milton, Shakespeare, Pope's Homer, and, latterly, the minor poets, constitute Mr. Webster's store of ordnance in the campaign of an oration. Poets are never rewarded like orators and politicians, but they provide them rockets, shells, and artillery, and sometimes win their battles. In complimenting statesmen, the men of ideas, we should not forget the men of fancy and invention who inspire them. A

single metaphor in a political speech is trumpeted for ever, while the unknown author, master of a thousand such fancies, sits in silence and neglect. All honor to the orator who stamps a great occasion with the mould of his own mind. But let not the penman be forgotten who cast that mould.

PAUL JONES.*

THIS is rather a preliminary collection of documents, than a digested biography of the famous rover of the seas. On almost every page it bears the ear-mark of technical preparation, and shows that the author has much more at heart the professional bearings of the subject, than a desire to make a merely readable book. If John Paul Jones does not stand well with posterity, it will not be for want of vouchers; Col. Sherburne having liberally furnished us, in this solid octavo, with every possible variety of guarantee and certificate in behalf of his hero which the case in any way admitted of, besides some premonitory endorsements of himself as a person suitable to endorse the old Chevalier. For example, we have dedication preliminary of the entire work to the Honorable the Secretary of the Navy, then letters of approval from their Excellencies Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and others: a special extract from the Journals of Congress, showing the appointment of John Paul Jones, in '75, to a lieutenantancy, in which character it is claimed for him that he hoisted the American flag on board the *Alfred* at Philadelphia, the first time it was ever displayed. A little further on, we have a detailed statement of his successes, in a letter from himself in '76, of the number of vessels "manned and sent in," and of those "burnt or otherwise destroyed;" resolutions of Congress regulating the distribution of prize-money: the establishment by Congress of a due gradation of rank among the officers of the navy: with an exhibit of a well executed fac-simile of the commission of Jones as captain, which Col. Sherburne justly presents as a revolutionary document which may gratify curiosity: the regulation of the uniform of the officers in the Navy of the United States: rates of bounty to officers and men for the capture of enemy's vessels: with the other developments and steps of progress of an infant service, given with great particularity and documentary display. We have very little personal narrative from Col. Sherburne, and are left to ourselves to pick from Resolutions of Congress, Correspondence, and Marine Tables, whatever relates to the individual interests of the subject of the publication. Jones is not presented to us in a romantic light, with graphic pictures of his bold achievements; but his character for bravery, worth, and honorable attachment to the American service is fully sustained. We have little more than one exception to the exclusively professional treatment of the subject—and that can be scarcely held to be an exception, inasmuch as it treats, in glowing terms, of the Commodore's vast powers with "the sex"—substantiated by certain extraordinary letters of love, penned by one Delia, otherwise unknown to the reader. These, we respectfully suggest, might have been omitted without injury to the character for gallantry claimed by Col. Sherburne for his all-conquering hero.

* The Life and Character of John Paul Jones, a Captain in the United States Navy, during the Revolutionary War. By John Henry Sherburne. Second edition. New York: Adriance, Sherman & Co.

In a book-making point of view, the work should have been divided into chapters, which ease the reader's attention, and should have been equipped with an index. A liberal Appendix furnishes much useful information on matters and persons connected with the American navy. The portrait prefixed to the volume is well executed, and sustains the character of the Chevalier Jones.

SERVICE AFLOAT AND ASHORE.*

IN a handsome 8vo. illustrated with views of places and battles, and bearing on its back a wreath which significantly incloses a "foul anchor" and a cannon—emblematic of the twofold service of the author, Lieut. Semmes, "flag lieutenant" of the Home Squadron, and volunteer Aid-de-Camp to General Worth, has given us his "experiences" of the Mexican War Afloat and Ashore. Attached to the Gulf Squadron at the breaking out of the war; in command of the unfortunate Somers at the time of her loss; "flag lieutenant" of the *Raritan* during the Siege of Vera Cruz; a witness and participant in all the battles of the Valley of Mexico; it must be confessed that the young sailor has enjoyed a rare opportunity of seeing sights and of smelling gunpowder.

Sailors are said to be persons of strong prejudices. And it is no small praise to the author to say that we have never read a history evidently so fairly written with regard to the merits of the numerous claimants of military glory.

The main incidents of the war are familiar to all, and avoiding them, we shall take our soldier and sailor out of the ranks and see what he has to tell us of a more amusing nature than battle-fields.

In the old world the line of demarcation between the upper and lower classes of society is clearly and broadly drawn, but in America it has ever been dim and badly defined. Our Lieutenant, however, discovered in the city of Lagnira del Carmen a new

DISTINCTION BETWEEN ARISTOCRATS AND PLEBEIANS.

"I recollect, on my first visit, being highly amused at the distinctions the simple natives drew at the door of the theatre, to regulate the price of admission. The population was divided into two parts, the aristocrats and the plebeians; the former included those who wore shoes, and the latter those who went barefoot. An aristocrat's ticket (it matters not whether he were with or without stockings, as in the case of a lady this might have been a delicate point to inquire into) was two reals (twenty-five cents), while that of a plebeian was only half the sum.

That Santa Anna completely humbugged our government is well known, but the history of it has not been as well told as our author gives it. We extract

SANTA ANNA PASSING THE AMERICAN FLEET.

"Early in August, while the squadron was lying at anchor under Green Island, keeping watch and ward over the enemy's city and castle of Vera Cruz, the seaman on the lookout, at the mast-head of the *St. Mary's*, then cruising on the blockade, descried the smoke of a steamer. As this was not the regular day for the appearance of any of the English mail steamers—which had been permitted to pass in and out of the beleaguered port without question, the English government pledging itself for

* Service Afloat and Ashore, during the Mexican War. By Lieut. Raphael Semmes, U.S.N.; late Flag Lieutenant of the Home Squadron, and Aid-de-Camp of Major General Worth in the battles of the Valley of Mexico. Cincinnati: W. H. Moore & Co. New York: G. P. Putnam and M. H. Newman.

their faithful conduct as neutrals—the smoke of a steamer was a novelty, in this now lonely and deserted part of the Mexican gulf. The *St. Mary's*, in due time, placed herself in a position to intercept the stranger in her approach to the city, and as the latter came up within hailing distance, she ordered her to 'heave to,' while a boat was being sent on board of her. The boat being in readiness in a few minutes, a lieutenant jumped into her, and with a few strokes of his oars from the sinewy arms of his seamen, placed himself alongside the steamer. The steamer being evidently a merchant vessel, the lieutenant was surprised to find himself received with much ceremony and courtesy at the gangway. Making his way on deck, and explaining the object of his visit to the captain, he was conducted to the cabin, where he was ushered into the society of a circle of gentlemen, evidently Spaniards or Mexicans, from their olive complexions, black hair and eyes, and pointed and curled mustachios. It was obvious also, at the first glance, that most, if not all these gentlemen, although dressed in plain or citizens' clothes, were military men and persons of bearing and distinction. After a moment's pause, the captain, as though he had purposely prepared a surprise for the boarding officer, turned towards him and making a graceful motion with his right hand at the same time, in the direction of one of the gentlemen, who, though of the ordinary height and figure, seemed by his commanding air and manner to be the chief of the party, said, 'Allow me to present you, sir, to General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna!' The officer started back at first in a little surprise, but soon recovering himself, advanced cordially towards the General and extending his hand, a mutual interchange of civilities took place. In a few moments Señora Santa Anna (a second wife), a handsome blonde, with deep blue eyes and auburn hair, and still in the bloom of early womanhood, joined the party and was presented to the officer, who saluted her in turn with becoming gallantry and respect. General Almonte, late minister to the United States, was also present as one of the General's suite, and speaking our language well, acted as interpreter on the occasion. General Santa Anna having explained briefly who he was—although such explanation was entirely unnecessary—and that he purposed going into Vera Cruz, with the permission of the Commodore, the boarding officer, after sitting as long as courtesy required, and perhaps a little longer than a strict regard to duty permitted, in homage to the lady's charms—a petticoat being quite an unusual sight to us rough blockaders, about this time—withdrew to report 'progress' to his commanding officer, and to ask for orders in the novel case which had occurred. The commander, who had been prepared by the commodore for the contingency, forthwith dispatched the boat back again, and directed the officer at the same time, that he should present his compliments to General Santa Anna, and say to him, on the part of the commodore, that 'he could proceed to Vera Cruz with his suite as he desired;' whereupon the steamer *Arab* shot boldly out from under the lee of the blockading vessel, and in an hour or two more, landed her distinguished passenger, 'big with the fate' of Mexico, safely in the desired haven. That night the roar of cannon and the bursting of rockets in the air testified the joy of the fickle *Vera Cruzanos* at the return of their lost Coriolanus; and it soon transpired that the wily peace-maker, who had so handsomely duped our cabinet at Washington, had put himself at the head of the ultra war party and proclaimed, in common with acting-President Salas, whom he hastened to join, 'no quarter to the Yankees.'

The Lieutenant—determined to have a hand in everything—of course is found on shore at Vera Cruz; and in describing what he saw there, gives us a very graphic

NIGHT SCENE.

"The novelty of my position, and the excitement of the scene around me—the engineers working away at our sand-bags like so many spectres, by the starlight, the sentinel at a little distance pacing his solitary round, and the sailors collected in small groups discoursing, *sotto voce*, but not so *sotto* either but that every now and then 'd—n my eyes' could be heard—prevented me from sleeping. Perhaps, after all, a little sensation of nervousness, occasioned by the thought of being set up, on the morrow, to be shot at by these batteries, had more to do with my wakefulness than at the time I was willing to confess to myself. In the early part of the night, the walls of the city abreast of us, and on our right, were brilliantly illuminated by the burning of some sheds and other buildings in the suburbs; no doubt fired by the Mexicans themselves, to unmask new pieces, which they were placing in position to oppose us. About midnight I wandered to a small eminence, in the neighborhood of our battery, to look forth upon the scene. It was perfectly calm. The fleet at Sacrificios was just visible through the gloom, and was sleeping quietly at its anchors, without other sign of life than a solitary light burning at the gaff-end of the commodore. The castle of San Juan de Ulloa, magnified out of all proportions by the uncertain starlight, and looking ten times more sombre and defiant than ever, appeared to enjoy equal repose. Even the sea seemed to have gone to sleep, after the turmoil of the recent norther, as the only sound that reached the ear from that direction was a faint, very faint murmur, hoarse and plaintive as the lazy swell, with scarcely energy enough to break, stranded itself on the beach. The cricket and the catydid, and myriads of other insects—the south is the land of insects—chirruped in a sort of inharmonious melody, reminding one of his far-off home, and of fireside scenes. But if nature was thus inclined to repose, man was not, for Death still held his carnival within the walls of the beleaguered city. Those horrid mortars of ours were in 'awful activity.' The demons incarnate, all begrimed with powder and smoke, who served them at this midnight hour, having received a fresh supply of shells and ammunition, since the lull of the norther, seemed to redouble their energies, to make up for their lazy day's work of yesterday. They gave the doomed city no respite, not even for a single moment, as the air was never without its tenant, winging its way on its errand of death. I sat and watched those missiles for an hour and more; and I shall never forget the awful scream, apparently proceeding from several female voices, which came ringing on the night air, as one of those terrible engines of destruction exploded—carrying death and dismay, no doubt, to some family circle. No sight could have been more solemn and impressive—the imagination dwelling all the while on the awful tragedy which was being enacted—than the flight of those missiles through the air. The night was just dark enough to admit of their burning fuses being seen, as they traced those beautiful parabolas, peculiar to this kind of projectile. And then the awful precision with which they would explode, called forth my constant admiration. They seemed to be hid but a single second or less, behind the dark curtain of the city walls, before the terrible explosion—reverberated and magnified, as it passed through the streets, by the walls of the houses—would almost stun the ear—I was only seven hundred yards off, and the humidity of the atmosphere was highly favorable to the passage of sound. Occasionally, several would be in the air at the same time—I counted as high as five on one occasion—chasing each other like playful meteors, and exploding in quick succession, like a *feu de joie*."

War has its humorous phases, it appears, and though it may indeed seem to be excit-

ing a laugh "from the ribs of death," yet we think a smile will be provoked by the following:—

"About this time an accident occurred which had well-nigh put an end to our breaching operations in the navy battery. The castle, which, as I have remarked, had been shelling us at intervals, threw one of its thirteen inch bombs with such precision that it lighted on the sand, not more than five paces in the rear of one of the guns. At about this distance in the rear of each piece we had stationed a quarter-gunner, with a small copper tank, capable of holding eight or ten charges of powder—each charge weighing about ten pounds. The shell falling near one of these petty officers, he turned upon hearing a noise behind him—he had not seen the shell fall—and finding a monstrous cannon ball there, as he thought, mechanically put his hand upon it. Finding it hot, it at once occurred to him what it was. It was too late to run, and in the consternation of the moment, like a drowning man who will grasp at a straw, he doubled himself up in a heap, and attempted to burrow himself, head foremost, in the sand, like an ostrich. All this occurred in the space of a second, and in a moment more the shell exploded, with the noise of a thousand pieces of artillery, shaking the battery like an earthquake, and covering the officers and seamen with clouds of dust and sand. Our fire was suspended for a moment, and when the smoke had cleared off sufficiently to enable us to distinguish objects, every officer looked around him in breathless anxiety, expecting to behold the blackened corpses and mutilated limbs of half his comrades at least. Strange to say, not a soul was hurt. Lieut. Hailey had his hat badly wounded by a fragment of the shell, which carried away one half of its rim. Even the quarter-gunner, who on such a short notice found it impossible to get down into the sand, and who besides had had his copper tank blown up, with forty or fifty pounds of powder in it, had escaped unhurt—the fragments fortunately rising into the air, instead of spreading laterally."

The Lieutenant not being well up in the mysteries of "long shore" navigation, takes a young sailor with him as pilot and *compagnon de voyage*. The latter's exploits at the battle of Churubusco are thus recounted:—

SEYMOUR'S PERFORMANCES.

"And now in imitation of other chiefs, I must not forget to bring to the notice of the reader my 'personal staff.' Seymour, arrayed in his tarpaulin hat, with about three yards of ribbon around it, and with his pea-jacket buttoned up to his chin—he always wore this garment because it had capacious pockets for the convenience of stowing away *menavelins*—girded taut around the waist by a flaming red sash, and mounted on a rough-looking Mexican pony, which was in the habit of having a *fight* with him, and throwing him every twenty-four hours, was sometimes visible and sometimes invisible; taking a fancy, every now and then, to make an independent cruise, to see what was going on in other parts of the field, in order, as he said, that we might 'put it down all right' in the log-book. He swears he killed two Mexicans with his own hand—but he adds that, being but 'bloody grey jackets,' he considers them of small consequence. I can testify, with more certainty, to his having pried my horse out of a ditch into which I had fallen chin-deep in water while attempting to leap it, with a fence rail, which he called a capstan-bar; and to his having gotten hold, by some of those means which sailors only know, of a pocket full of *puros*, and a flask of *aguardiente*; and that the *aguardiente* was not 'bad to take' after a hard day's ride."

After sailing about the Gulf, and cruising from Vera Cruz to Mexico and back again

with our author, we have arrived at the conclusion that he is as pleasant a companion as one might desire upon a similar journey, and so commend him to the favor of the reading world.

ESSAYS WRITTEN IN THE INTERVALS OF BUSINESS.*

A LITTLE volume, with the unpretentious title, *Essays written in the Intervals of Business*, a few years since, made a reputation for its author on its appearance in London. The topics were the practical moralities of life in social intercourse, the business relations, the conduct of friendship and the family, and the arts of self-control. Something in their treatment was suggestive of Bacon, and a comparison with the most celebrated essays in the English language ventured upon by critics, was not without justification, both in the method and matter. The world, indeed, has changed greatly since the days of Elizabeth, and the titles of some of Bacon's eloquent sentences belong to a past age; but the spirit is the same, and the culture of the gentleman and man of polished refinement, of worldly success and masterly self-possession, remains unaltered. The robed monarch may have disappeared from the scene—but man is still to be the monarch in his own breast; to be, in a proper sense, a courtier in society, and to govern himself and others by profound laws of moral policy. Our new author puts the old wine into new bottles. That is all, and it is enough. In some later works, the "Friends in Council," and a recently-published volume of the present season, "Companions of my Solitude," he has enlarged his sphere of observation, and drawn many elaborate reflections—all, however, in harmony with the characteristics of his first volume.

The author, whose name is not given on any of his title-pages, but who is understood to be Mr. Arthur Helps, a Cambridge man, is a writer of independent thought and candid utterance. He is not afraid to grapple with social evils; while unlike many speculative writers he is, in his books which we have met with, a sound reformer, wise and charitable, drawing his lessons from materials in every man's bosom, and within the range of every man's practice.

No one but will be the wiser for reading this book. It is a wisdom, too, which will beget hope and comfort—for its highest aim and best success is to remove the discomforts of life, cheer the soul, and smoothe the path to virtue. In one of the minor morals, observe this

AID TO CONTENTMENT.

"A great deal of discomfort arises from oversensitiveness about what people may say of you or your actions. This requires to be blunted. Consider whether anything that you can do will have much connexion with what they will say. And besides, it may be doubted whether they will say anything at all about you. Many unhappy persons seem to imagine that they are always in an amphitheatre, with the assembled world as spectators; whereas, all the while, they are playing to empty benches. They fancy, too, that they form the particular theme of every passer-by. If, however, they must listen to imaginary conversations about themselves, they might, at any rate, defy the proverb, and insist upon hearing themselves well spoken of.

"Well, but suppose that it is no fancy; and

* Fruits of Leisure; or, Essays Written in the Intervals of Business. First American, from the fourth English edition. A. D. F. Randolph.

that you really are the object of unmerited obloquy. What then? It has been well said, that in that case the abuse does not touch you; that if you are guiltless, it ought not to hurt your feelings any more than if it were said of another person, with whom you are not even acquainted. You may answer that this false description of you is often believed in by those whose good opinion is of importance to your welfare. That certainly is a palpable injury; and the best mode of bearing up against it is to endeavor to form some just estimate of its nature and extent. Measure it by the worldly harm which is done to you. Do not let your imagination conjure up all manner of apparitions of scorn, and contempt, and universal hissing. It is partly your own fault if the calumny is believed in by those who ought to know you, and in whose affections you live. That should be a circle within which no poisoned dart can reach you. And for the rest, for the injury done you in the world's estimation, it is simply a piece of ill-fortune, about which it is neither wise nor decorous to make much moaning.

"Contentment abides with truth. You will generally suffer for wishing to appear other than what you are; whether it be richer, or greater, or more learned. *The mask soon becomes an instrument of torture.*"

Truthfulness of living is our author's great medicament to the ills of life. He makes it the first essential quality of success in life, in his sketch of a Man of Business.

The charitable discriminations of the finely conceived paper On Our Judgments of Other Men, is of a school in which the heart teaches the head. How seldom are the truths of the following passage, hidden just below the surface in life, appreciated:

KNOW THY NEIGHBOR.

"In judging of others, it is important to distinguish those parts of the character and intellect which are easily discernible from those which require much observation. In the intellect, we soon perceive whether a man has wit, acuteness, or logical power. It is not easy to discover whether he has judgment. And it requires some study of the man to ascertain whether he has practical wisdom; which, indeed, is a result of high moral as well as intellectual qualities.

"In the moral nature, we soon detect selfishness, egotism, and exaggeration. Carelessness about truth is soon found out; you see it in a thousand little things. On the other hand, it is very difficult to come to a right conclusion about a man's temper, until you have seen a great deal of him. Of his tastes, some will lie on the surface, others not; for there is a certain reserve about most people in speaking of the things they like best. Again, it is always a hard matter to understand any man's feelings. Nations differ in their modes of expressing feelings, and how much more individual men!

"There are certain cases in which we are peculiarly liable to err in our judgments of others. Thus, I think, we are all disposed to dislike, in a manner disproportionate to their demerits, those who offend us by pretension of any kind. We are apt to fancy that they despise us; whereas, all the while, perhaps, they are only courting our admiration. There are people who wear the worst part of their characters outwards: they offend our vanity; they rouse our fears; and under these influences we omit to consider how often a scornful man is tender-hearted, and an assuming man, one who longs to be popular and to please.

"Then there are characters of such a different kind from our own, that we are without the means of measuring and appreciating them. A man who has no humor, how difficult for him to understand one who has!

"But of all the errors in judging of others, some of the worst are made in judging of those who are nearest to us. They think that we have entirely made up our minds about them, and are apt to show us that sort of behavior only which they know we expect. Perhaps, too, they fear us, or they are convinced that we do not and cannot sympathize with them. And so we move about in a mist, and talk of phantoms as if they were living men, and think that we understand those who never interchange any discourse with us but the talk of the marketplace; or if they do, it is only as players who are playing a part set down in certain words, and to be eked out with stage gestures for each affection, who would deem themselves little else than mad if they were to say out to us anything of their own."

We should like to present the whole of the brief and pregnant essay on Secrecy. The passages we have italicised, show the author's subtle vein of philosophy:

SECRECY.

"For once that secrecy is formally imposed upon you, it is implied a hundred times by the concurrent circumstances. All that your friend says to you, as to his friend, is intrusted to you only. Much of what a man tells you in the hour of affliction, in sudden anger, or in any outpouring of his heart, should be sacred. *In his craving for sympathy, he has spoken to you as to his own soul.*

"To repeat what you have heard in social intercourse is sometimes a sad treachery; and when it is not treacherous, it is often foolish. For you commonly relate but a part of what has happened, and even if you are able to relate that part with fairness, it is still as likely to be misconstrued as a word of many meanings, in a foreign tongue, without the context.

"*There are few conversations which do not imply some degree of mutual confidence, however slight.* And in addition to that which is said in confidence, there is generally something which is peculiar, though not confidential; which is addressed to the present company alone, though not confided to their secrecy. It is meant for them, or for persons like them, and they are expected to understand it rightly. So that, when a man has no scruple in repeating all that he hears to anybody that he meets, he pays but a poor compliment to himself; *for he seems to take it for granted that what was said in his presence, would have been said, in the same words, at any time, aloud, and in the marketplace.* In short, *that he is the average man of mankind;* which I doubt much whether any man would like to consider himself."

Nor are the practical hints of its conclusion less remarkable:

"Before you make any confidence, you should consider whether the thing you wish to confide in is of weight enough to be a secret. Your small secrets require the greatest care. Most persons suppose that they have kept them sufficiently when they have been silent about them for a certain time; and this is hardly to be wondered at, if there is nothing in their nature to remind a person that they were told to him as secrets.

"There is sometimes a good reason for using concealment even with your dearest friends. It is that you may be less liable to be reminded of your anxieties when you have resolved to put them aside. Few persons have tact enough to perceive when to be silent, and when to offer you counsel or condolence.

"You should be careful not to intrust another unnecessarily with a secret which it may be a hard matter for him to keep, and which may expose him to somebody's displeasure, when it is hereafter discovered that he was the object of your confidence. Your desire for aid, or for

sympathy, is not to be indulged by dragging other people into your misfortunes.

"There is as much responsibility in imparting your own secrets, as in keeping those of your neighbor."

The Countess of Salisbury: a Chronicle of the Order of the Garter. New York: Stringer & Townsend.—M. Dumas, having exhausted the history of France, is fain to cross the channel for a subject. He has given us his version of the foundation of the Order of the Garter; and in so doing has taken no inconsiderable liberties with common sense and history, and moreover, great freedom with the character of the Countess of Salisbury, and his long defunct Majesty, Edward III. When M. Dumas shall have done with England, we presume he will take his "fatherland," Africa, en route for Asia; and we may expect ere long some such romances as "The Queen's Supper; or, Cleopatra's Pearl," and "The Singing Countenance; or, the Mysteries of Memnon."

Renna; or, the Snow Bird: a Tale of Real Life. By Caroline Lee Hentz. Philadelphia: A. Hart.—A family story, charmingly, though simply told, and one for which we predict a warm reception at every cheerful fireside. Mrs. Hentz, whose "Mob Cap," &c., have enlisted the sympathies and commanded the admiration of the young, has, by her last volume, established greater claims to their favor.

The Patriarchal Age; or, the Story of Joseph. Phila.: R. E. Peterson.—A volume, not unduly extended, illustrating the scriptural story of Joseph by comment on the manners and customs of his age, references to Eastern incidents, thus making familiar to the youthful mind such a narrative picture of this brief yet full history, as Mr. Abbott presents in his more modern "biographies." The book has something of curiosity, as it was originally prepared for the pupils of the Girard College, in the primary department. It shows that under Mr. Girard's will, one at least of the most beautiful of sacred lessons has not been unimproved.

Palestine; its Geography and Bible History. By F. G. Hibbard, of the last Genesee Conference. Edited by D. P. Kidder. Lane & Scott.—A useful duodecimo, bringing within convenient limits a comprehensive view of the geography and history of Palestine. It is amply illustrated by twenty lithographic maps. A good general description of the country is given, followed by particular enumerations of the localities of the Tribes—in which the latest investigations of Dr. Robinson and other travellers are reproduced.

Familiar Science; or, the Scientific Explanation of Common Things. Edited by R. E. Peterson. Phila.: Peterson.—An American adaptation of the popular work of Dr. Brewer, in which many ordinary phenomena of nature are familiarly elucidated in the form of question and answer. The book has a scientific arrangement, and is a valuable guide and introduction to maturer studies through its every-day philosophies.

Mechanics for the Millwright, Machinist, Engineer, Civil Engineer, Architect, and Student; containing a clear and elementary exposition of the Principles and Practice of Building Machines. By Frederick Overman, author of "The Manufacture of Iron," &c., illustrated by one hundred and fifty-four fine wood engravings, by William Gihon. Phila.: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.—Mr. Overman modestly announces his intention in this volume of presenting many mechanical laws relieved, as far as practicable, of the complicated mathematical formulæ which frequently embarrass the reader, claiming only a desire to be useful to the country through the science of Mechanics, that great means of the national prosperity. The scope of his work is clearly indicated in the title.

Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution. No. 15.—This number includes, with numerous portraits and sketches of scenery, several illustrated notices of the Society of the Cincinnati. The Revolutionary incidents of the Hudson are sketched with particularity. The topographical view, and the sketches about West Point, preserve the claims of Mr. Lossing as a valuable contribution to American history. It is a book for every farm-house and family in the country.

Copway's American Indian has made its appearance and No. I. is well taken care of: with its clean-faced paper, clear type, and ample breadth of column. The contents are curious and entertaining—showing pretty conclusively, that "Indian" knows what he is about. The letters from various writers of more or less importance figure on the first page, promising assistance (although we much doubt whether our friend, Ka-ge-ga-gah-bowh, will live to derive much advantage from some of them). The other portions of the paper are well-filled: and, altogether, the undertaking is a "sure card" if carefully managed. It starts well: and we hope it may "continue in well-doing."

Messrs. LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co. have published several new volumes of Arthur's Library for the Household:—Home Scenes and Home Influence; Lessons in Life; Stories for Young Housekeepers; and, uniform with the series, the Regicide's Daughter, a Tale of Two Worlds, by W. H. Carpenter.

The Life of Josephine is a new issue of Abbott's Biographical Series, from the press of Messrs. HARPER.

TO —.

How dearly I answer fair things and bright,
From the star with playful greetings of light,
To the wondrous questioning of the flower,—
The visible soul of the sunny hour;
From the fond lost look renewing in dream,
To her's which lures with a present gleam;
But there's an eye, whose transient ray
Hath brighter and fairer might than they!

A dear delight is the calling chime
Of bird and stream in the summer time;
A blessing each kindly earnest sound
From hearts preferring unseal'd around;
But there's a voice, whose lightest word
Is pleasanter far than wave or bird;
And tones were never so trancing near,
But freely I'd turn that word to hear!

J. A. M.

VICTORIA: AN ODE.*

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

REVERED Victoria, you that hold
A nobler office upon earth
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth
Could give the warrior kings of old,

I thank you that your royal grace
To one of less desert allows
This laurel greener from the brows
Of him that uttered nothing base:

And should your greatness, and the care
That yokes with empire, yield you time
To make demand of modern rhyme,
If aught of ancient worth be there,

Take, madam, this poor book of song;
For though the faults were thick as dust
In vacant chambers, I could trust
Your sweetness. May you rule us long,

And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day!
May children of our children say,
"She wrought her people lasting good;

* Prefaced to a New Edition of the *Poet Laureate's Poems*.

"Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as mother, wife, and queen.

"She brought a vast design to pass,
When Europe and our scattered ends
Of our fierce world were mixt as friends
And brethren in her halls of glass;

"And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons, when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom broader yet,

"By shaping some august decree
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea."

TO E. D. PALMER,

While viewing his bust of an infant Ceres.
IN HON. CALLED LYON, OF LYONSDALE.

I SEE a form of loveliness surpassing
The loveliness that's visioned in the heart;
And, as I gaze, fond memory is amassing
A golden setting for this gem of Art.

Metinks in Tempe's valley thou hast lingered,
With Cupid's mother, by ambrosial streams,
And drank in beauty; while the rosy-fingered
Still lingers with thee from the land of dreams.

Old scenes, old voices round me are returning,
The loved, the faded, from my earlier years;
Relumed, the light of younger days is burning,
And eyes long dried are shedding childhood's tears.

Type of our own dear blessed Saviour's heaven,
Pure, and unspotted by a taint of earth
(Raphael and Lawrence only, such have given),
Genius conceived, and labor wrought the birth.

STUDIES OF THE SPANISH DRAMA, FROM THE FRENCH OF PHILARETE CHASLES.

X.

Studies on Alarcon—Special Character of his Genius and his Works—Fragments.

AMONG the numerous dramatic authors
which Spain has produced, Lope de Vega
was especially distinguished for his inven-
tion of situations and fecundity of resources;
Calderon by the lyrical brilliancy and pas-
sionate ardor of his language.

Alarcon, whose name is much more ob-
scure, characterizes chivalric pride.

The salient trait of his talent is the hero-
ism of the thought, the magnanimity of the
conception. The essence of Spanish ge-
nius is found, so to speak, concentrated in
his dramas. If he has few dithyrambic
bursts, if his pieces are often irregular, he
idealizes marvellously honor, devotion, duty,
feudal-loyalty, the sacrifice of one's self for
others, the force of the soul. All the
interest of his works lies here. Let us cite
a characteristic, a fragment of one of his
dramas, of which we shall afterwards give
an analysis.

Donna Flora has come to reside at Se-
ville, after having lived at Cordova. She is
young, beautiful, ambitious, and a coquette.
Her former lover, and whom she has not
seen for two years, Don Fernando de Godoi,
is forgotten by her; the Marquis Don Fa-
drique, favorite of the King, Peter the Cruel,
has spoken to her of love, and made himself
heard. It is not because the heart of Donna
Flora is moved by a warm passion, but she
loves grandeur; she hopes, she says, to quit
the servitude of celibacy, and become a lady
and sovereign. What is her vexation when,
on her way to the residence of Donna Anna,

her friend, she meets Don Fernando, the
betrothed of former times, the sacrificed
friend, who comes full of confidence and
hope to demand of her the execution of her
promises? "I greatly fear," she says to
him, "lest the Marquis Don Fadrique may
injure your position with the King; I mistrust
also my brother: wait. I ask you, on your
word as a gentleman, not to disclose to any
one the intimacy which exists between us." Don
Fernando suffers himself to be per-
suaded, and promises Donna Flora to be
silent. At the same time he demands an
interview, which she grants him. He is to
place himself at midnight under a vine,
behind the garden of Donna Flora. He does
not fail to appear there, but finds the place
occupied. The Marquis, smitten with Donna
Flora, and jealous, like a Castilian, has en-
treated his brother to watch near the garden.
Don Sancho (the brother) meets the young
Fernando; the swords start from the scab-
bards; they fight; Don Sancho falls dead.
The police rush up at the noise, raise the
corpse, pursue the murderer, and catch a
glimpse through the obscurity of the night
of the white mantle which covers his shoul-
ders. Meanwhile Don Fadrique comes in
search of his brother. Don Fernando, whom
he has never seen, and who fears the pursuit
of the archers, presents himself, recognises
him, and does not hesitate to ask his protec-
tion against justice; a common occurrence,
by the way, among cavaliers and people of
the court. He accosts him without pre-
amble.

"If you are noble," he says, "as I think
you are, prove it, gentleman, and show thy
heart. Protect a man whom everything op-
presses. Exchange for this white cloak
which betrays me the one which you wear;
you will thus give a wretched man his
life."

"Say no more, cavalier," the other an-
swers, "calm yourself, the affair is settled."

"You are Don Fadrique?"

"Himself."

"It is you who save me. I have your
word."

"Relate to me what has passed. You
can depend upon me."

"I have slain a man; he followed me,
sword in hand, infuriated. He wished to
take my life; I defended myself—"

"You fought face to face, without dis-
loyalty?"

"We were alone,—swords drawn,—both
equal. Death chose him; me he wanted
not."

"Well, I will save you."

There is not a word too much; not a
syllable which has not its force in this ad-
mirable dialogue. Scarcely is it terminated
when Fadrique hears a noise, tells Fernando
to conceal himself behind a tree, and receives
the information from the chief of the patrol
that the slain man was his own brother, Don
Sancho, and that the combat took place near
the garden of this Donna Flora, of whom
the Marquis is so jealous. Thus is the
Marquis deprived of a brother whom he
loved. A thousand suspicions rise in his
heart: he fears that Donna Flora may have
favored Don Fernando; but in this strange
and cruel situation he stifles the bitter and
confused sentiments which his word given
to the cavalier commands him to stifle.

"Cavalier," he exclaims.

"Don Fadrique, I am at your service."

"We are alone?"

"Alone."

"He whom you slew was my brother."
 "I slew him without knowing that he was your brother; I learnt it afterwards, and I regretted it."

"Do not excuse yourself."
 "It is not because of fear that I seek for excuses, Marquis; you know that I came to ask your protection: I did demand it, knowing whom you were—the brother of Don Sancho."

"When I told you, Don Fernando, not to excuse yourself, it was not anger and the desire of vengeance which dictated those words. Undeceive yourself. It was an outrage to me to doubt my good faith; it was an outrage to me to think for a moment that my grief would make me break the promise which I made to you. I have told you that I would save you: you shall be saved by me."

"Marquis, the ground which supports you is an altar which I embrace."

"Rise, cavalier. What do you owe me? Nothing. It is myself whom I oblige. In giving you my word I have been your benefactor; in fulfilling my promise, I have done nothing for you: I pay my debt due myself; I redeem my promise; I oblige no one."

"You have a great soul, Fadrique; a soul worthy of the place which you occupy, near the King, our master."

"These discourses are frivolous. Now it is agreed that you shall be saved by me. Rely upon me. Will you tell me who you are, and what relations with Donna Flora have brought you to forbid my brother's entering his garden; will you tell me?"

"No, Signor; the hate which you should bear to me prevents me from telling you my name. You have just learnt how the affair has passed. It was a duel between gentlemen. As to Donna Flora, I have nothing to inform you. You know better than any one else the obligation of an oath. Marquis, I am at your service."

"Very well; come with me. Oh promise! sacred promise. Oh word of a gentleman!"

Saying these words, the unfortunate Fadrique leads away him who has slain his brother, and whom he suspects of being his happy rival. He does not content himself with facilitating and protecting his flight; he places in his hands some jewels which form part of his dress, which will be of service to him on his journey, for he cannot re-enter Seville, and his stock of money would soon fail him. Don Fernando, touched by his generosity, gives his name to the Marquis, but obstinately refuses to give him any information about Donna Flora. The Marquis gradually becomes irritated; he presses him with questions; and ends by drawing his sword. Don Fernando, unarmed, remains before him.

"No, no," exclaims Fadrique, "you show too much resistance. It revolts, it torments me; it makes my blood boil with indignation. Don Fernando, beware; my sword shall search your heart for the secret which your lips refuse to grant me."

"Ah! Marquis, I know it; you are brave."

"There is great courage in grief; and I suffer horribly."

"I am as brave as you; but I have no arms."

"There is hot blood in jealousy; and I am jealous."

"Don Fadrique, would you overwhelm me?"

"Well! speak, speak, answer; Do you know Donna Flora? Is she yours?"

"I have nothing to answer."

"Nothing! And if I should slay you; you who are without a sword."

"Then my secret dies with me, as it ought."

"Go, thou art noble! Go, thou art great! I admire thee, blazon of honor and of chivalry. It is needful for you to live, that men may know on the earth in what grandeur of soul consists. It is not fitting that a blind vengeance should extinguish such exalted virtue. See, Don Fernando, I can slay thee; I desire, I long to do so; I loved my brother; I am jealous of you; night is silent; you are a fugitive. An increasing fury animates me. I prefer rather to give thee thy life. Only take good care that no one know thou hast offended me; then must we needs fight. But now, instead of that, if you so wish, if you will have me for a friend, my heart will be indebted to thee."

"Your friend ever devoted! Here is my word; here is my hand."

"Don Fernando de Godoi, go with God! Know, my friend, that the death of my brother is a profound grief to me; and now I so esteem you as to felicitate myself for knowing you. I reconcile myself with life: I have lost my brother, and I have gained a friend."

I have no comment to make upon such a scene, which awakens the most noble emotions of the heart, which makes the tears gush forth, not of a vulgar pity, but of an enthusiastic and profound imagination.

At the age when Alarcon lived, Art had not yet perverted her aim and given the lie to her divine mission. She did not idealize crime; she did not gild the unclean. Her aim was to elevate the soul: she strove to excite all the generous emotions, she placed them in conflict with the most intense passions, the most poignant and most legitimate sorrows. Poetry did not trail her wings in the mire, exclaiming I am renovating and rejuvenating myself. Her flight was bent heaven, not earth-ward, towards the life of the soul and the thought, not the sepulchre and the abyss. Hideousness was not crowned queen; orgies did not surround the throne. Shakespeare and the most earnestly real geniuses sacredly preserve the love of the beautiful; they have their Juliets and Desdemonas, their ravishing and celestial colors, their tones breathed from the soul; and these High Priests of Poesy preach eloquently in favor of love and virtue, of purity and of sincerity, of devotion and of moral force. Woe to the epochs of decadence, when the poet forgets this task; when, like the tragic Seneca among the Romans, his lyre of brass and copper emits only harsh and rough sounds, accompanied by malediction and irony. Woe to the times of dissolution and despair, when poetry, the magic echo of our souls, admires nothing, hopes for nothing, ceases to love, is weary of belief; when poesy is no longer the balmy word, the dazzling lightning-flash or the opening flower, the hymn of joy, the accent of love, but the rattling of the skeleton restless in his coffin, the howling of the night wind through the ruined casements, the death rattle of a society which is passing away!

The inspiration of Alarcon is that of Corneille—heroism. The heroic drama has passed from Spain to France, from France to England, from England to Germany.

We are about to witness certain transformations of this same genius, which will show itself sublime in its natal region, bizarre among strangers, and finally pretensions and absurd, in consequence of mingling with manners and ideas contrary to its essence. We shall see it excite ridicule, we shall see all these grand sentiments become playthings for the people, like those paste-board giants which children amuse themselves by insulting and destroying.

NOTICES OF MR. THACKERAY'S LECTURES. FROM LONDON JOURNALS.

THE third and fourth lectures of Mr. Thackeray were given to Steele, Prior, Gay, and Pope; Smollet, Fielding, and Goldsmith, we presume, will supply the topics of the remainder. The glancing wit and deeper vein of heartfelt humor, occasionally cropping out on the surface, are discernible enough through the necessarily imperfect reports of the London newspapers. These, however, show skilful hands. Indeed Mr. Thackeray has a most refined and appreciative audience; a list of some of the personages present at his lecture on Pope, including these names of the fashionable and literary public, among which are several gentlemen of the press:—

The Belgian Minister and Madame Van de Weyer, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Constance Leveson Gower, the Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Adeliza Howard, Marchioness of Ailesbury, Earl and Countess Wilton, Earl and Countess of Zetland, Earl of Scarborough, Marquis of Clanricarde, Lord Dunkellin, Earl Bruce, Marquis of Titchfield, Countess of Carlisle, Lord Howard de Walden, Lord Forester, Lord Gray, Lord and Lady Stanley of Alderley, Lady Romilly, the Bishop of St. David's, Lord Galway, Lady de Dunstanville, Lady Webster, Lady Kinloch, Lady Parke, Lord Glenelg, Miss Stuart Mackenzie, Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay, Sir R. Throckmorton, Sir David Brewster, the Dean of Westminster, Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Hallam, Mr. Hayward, Mr. Monckton Milnes, Miss Jewsbury, Currer Bell, Mr. Shedding, Mr. Granville Vernon, Mrs. Bates, Mr. Geo. Tomlins, Mr. Knightley, Mr. P. Cunningham, Mr. Lewes, Mr. Leech, &c.

We continue a report of the lectures from the abstracts, which appear most spirited and characteristic.

STEELE.

The third lecture of Mr. Thackeray was devoted to Sir Richard Steele. Mr. Thackeray has a partiality for his weak, kind, improvident hero, and owned to liking Dick Steele the man, and Dick Steele the author, more than much better men and much better authors. His faults he considered were redeemed by a sweet and compassionate nature; and while he admired and pitied Swift, he loved and pitied Steele. As an apology for his imperfections, the lecturer commenced with a kind of panegyric upon imperfection in general. A perfect man would be as intolerable to us as we should be to him; he could not breathe our air; he could not live our life; he could not laugh, for the world could present no contrasts to him; he could not cry, for he could have no sorrows; he could not love, for perfect justice would not admit of his liking one person vastly more than another; he could not repent, for he would be incapable of fault; he would equally be above all sensual

pleasures, and wine would be the same to him as water. Our faults are the very condition of our present existence, and from the weaknesses of our nature result some of our highest joys. It is selfishness that causes us to love so fondly and so faithfully, —to prefer our own Tommy to much better and cleverer boys; it is anger that calls forth forbearance, pride that occasions humility, grief that creates pity, sickness that produces tender watchfulness.

The schoolboy days of Steele were sketched by Mr. Thackeray with the picturesque of a novelist, and the gusto of a companion in idleness and frolic. He neglected his book, was often deservedly whipt, ran into debt for tarts and lollypops, and when credit and money were both exhausted, raised supplies by borrowing from his comrades. At the conclusion of this lively portrait Mr. Thackeray made the startling announcement that he had no authority for the facts. But if the child is father of the man, our intimate knowledge of Captain Steele would enable us to pronounce with certainty that Master Dick must have been one of the most reckless, good-natured, good-for-nothing urchins that ever existed. Mr. Thackeray next adverted to Steele's connexion with Addison. He appealed to his audience whether the greatest personage they had ever known in their lives was not the head-boy at school. Mr. Thackeray never questioned that the head-boy at his would be Prime Minister, and was disappointed at meeting him in after-days, and finding that he was no more than six feet high. Addison, through life, was Steele's head-boy. He was the Steerforth to Copperfield. Even when Addison brought an execution into his house, and after paying himself from the proceeds, handed over the balance to Steele, the latter, far from bearing malice, was probably glad of any execution which put him in possession of a little ready money. He was perpetually divided between good principles and bad practices. He composed an ardent piece of ecstatic devotion, called "The Christian Hero," when he was deep in debt, drink, and all the follies of the town. The inconsistency excited the mirth of his companions, and, doubtless, added Mr. Thackeray, a theologian in liquor is not a respectable object. This was an epitome of Steele's ordinary conduct. He whimpered over his writings, and when he received an invitation to join a jovial circle at the tavern, he took down his laced hat, kissed his wife and children, and told them a lie about the pressing business that called him away. In short, he sinned and repented, cried over his excesses till crying made him thirsty, and then drank to drown his thirst. Among Steele's foibles was a particular forgetfulness of the article of rent, and with his usual improvidence, when he was unable to pay for a small house, he hired a larger. Mr. Thackeray devoted more space to the character of the man than to the qualities of the writer. It is not, indeed, as a writer that he has the strongest claim upon our sympathy. He is not, said Mr. Thackeray, the most brilliant of wits, or the deepest of thinkers: if he is not our friend, he is nothing. He knew little of books, but he knew much of mankind. His great charm is to be natural, for he wrote so fast that he was obliged to make the reader his confidante. His letters have this merit in common with the productions he prepared for the press. They

are not, like all the epistles from Cicero down to Walpole, studied compositions, but spontaneous effusions written to his wife, and for his wife, and for her alone. Women are bound in an especial degree to regard him with gratitude. He was the first of our authors who seemed to admire and respect them; and while Congreve considered them as things to be complimented and conquered, while Swift scorned, and Addison smiled at them, Steele gave them credit for goodness and understanding as well as tenderness and beauty. It is this ardour, this respect, this manliness, which makes his comedies so delightful, and his heroes such gentlemen. Mr. Thackeray also ascribed to him the honor of being the founder of that species of sentimental humor which charms us in Yorick, in the Caxtons, and in little Dombey. To show the difference between the gentle good-nature of Steele, the savage indignation of Swift, and the lonely serenity of Addison, Mr. Thackeray quoted a passage from each on the subject of death, and pointed out the circumstance that that of Swift inspired terrible melancholy; that of Addison a benevolent sadness; but that the lesson built by Steele upon the mysteries of the grave was human pity and love. The coarseness of Steele was excused by Mr. Thackeray, on the ground that it was the fault of the age and not of the man. The fact is undeniable; the proof of it, adduced by the lecturer, is open to dispute. His authority was a scene in Swift's "Polite Conversation,"—a work in which the misanthropic caricaturist has collected into a focus all the scattered cant and vulgarity he had ever witnessed in fashionable life. Mr. Thackeray might as well produce the sweepings of Convent garden Market as a specimen of its vegetables, fruits, and flowers. And, after all, if the scene is to be literally understood, it shows little more than that the meals of our ancestors were more substantial than our own, and the courses arranged in a different order. The minds of mankind might have been just as refined when soup followed meat as now that meat follows soup. As a final appeal, Mr. Thackeray bid us think of Steele gently, for he was so gentle,—he bid us think of him kindly, for his heart always exuberated with human kindness. The portrait in the outline may seem cold and hard. But those who heard the lecture must all have felt that the likeness was strong and the coloring vivid, and that there was a racy originality in the thoughts and expressions which made them thoroughly delightful.—*Literary Gazette.*

PRIOR, GAY, AND POPE.

Matthew Prior, said he, early signalized himself by attacking (in conjunction with Montague) the patriarch Dryden. Did not everybody know the *Town Mouse and Country Mouse* by heart nowadays? What!—it was not generally known? Yet, as a natural consequence of its publication, Prior had been made in those times of his, Secretary to the Embassy at the Hague. Those were the days when your fortune was made if you could turn out an epigram or a copy of verses. For of course with these qualifications you were just the man to watch over important commercial interests abroad. Prior, we were informed by Spence, was wont, having spent the greater part of the evening with the most distinguished men of his time, to go off and finish it with a soldier and his wife in Long-Acre. We were not, therefore,

to be surprised if his writings smacked a little of the conversation of his Long-Acre acquaintances. But they were easy, humorous, showed a great deal of good sense, and perhaps the great Samuel himself knew Prior's works far better than he chose to say.

Having sketched off Prior in a few strokes, the lecturer proceeded to John Gay. Gay deserved to be, and was, the friend of everybody. His success offended nobody. Swift used to pet him, as the Brobdingnag maid of honor did little Gulliver. The Duke and Duchess of Queensberry took him under their protection, and with them he had his saucer of cream, and played about, and grew fat, and so died. He grew less original and diverting, perhaps, in his latter days. Gay "was a little, round French *abbé* of a man," said Mr. Thackeray. As for his writings, they bore the same relation to poetry that little Dresden China figures did to sculpture. And the man himself, with his playfulness, his simplicity, and his good nature, was altogether like one of the Savoy boys who play the hurdygurdy.

These two writers portrayed and dismissed—in a way at once so simple and so graphic—the means so apparently trifling and the likeness so amusing, that you were reminded of the figures produced by the shadow of fingers on the wall.—Mr. Thackeray proceeded to speak of Pope. If he was not a humorist and wit, who was one? Every man of letters should respect Pope, he said, as the greatest literary artist England has had. He perfected incessantly, borrowed an idea or a cadence wherever he could. His youth in Windsor Forest formed a beautiful picture of study and aspiration.

With regard to Pope's letters, those to Lady Wortley Montague were pert, odious, and affected. His love was not edifying. He hated her afterwards with a fervor that was far more genuine. But (if you excepted the letters to women) no collection afforded more delightful reading. There was perhaps a little too much consciousness in them—a little too much that seemed to imply that the writers were addressing generations. But there was in them something fine, edifying, and ennobling. In these the statesmen and wise of the time held communion. And there was something grand about the air of great men. They spoke with a larger generalization than common men. Nothing was more grand than the love and friendship the great men of that time bore one to another. How Pope spoke of Bollingbroke! "Show me," exclaimed Mr. Thackeray, "six common-place middle-aged gentlemen as friendly as they were."

He now reviewed Pope's career in detail, touching on the delicate question of his relation to Addison, and taking, on the whole, a very favorable view of Pope's character. Steele, Mr. Addison's man, and his own man too, supported young Mr. Pope. Pope was one of the Addison set when he began, and when John Dennis attacked *Cato*, he attacked the critic in a lampoon to avenge his patron. It was a mean production, and such as Addison could not love. "It was so dirty (the sarcasm here was very characteristic) that it has usually been printed in Swift's works too!" "I wish," the lecturer continued, "that Addison could have loved him better." But Addison could not bear an equal. When Pope found that his pinion

was as strong as anybody's, he soared on his own way. In deserting each other, they followed an impulse of nature.

Mr. Thackeray then detailed the circumstances of the publication of Tickell's rival translation from the "Iliad," which, as our readers are aware, is usually attributed to a wish on the part of Addison to hurt Pope's version. Mr. Thackeray pronounced the suspicion of Pope's friends under the circumstances perfectly natural. He then recited with emphasis (the delivery being, perhaps, somewhat too slow) the famous lines on "Atticus," concerning which Macaulay has observed "that every English gentleman has, or ought to have them, by heart." Such a weapon as this, he said, was too strong for anybody. Addison's figure bleeds from that black wound. He ought to be drawn, like St. Sebastian, with an arrow in his side.

Having humorously observed that Pope was the only wit of his day who was not fat (for Punch and Burgundy shortened the lives and enlarged the waistcoats of these gentlemen)—and having noted the refinement and polish of his manners—he commented on his filial affection. His mother's love imparts something like a saint-like sanctity wherever it appears. In every estimate of his life it ought to be remembered. And his death was an *euthanasia*; beautiful was the ending of that high soul—like the veil on the ancient statue whose beauty it hides and heightens.

Next came a strong picturesque account of Pope's controversy with Grub-street—one of the most characteristic passages of the lecture. Mr. Thackeray dealt impartially with the combatants; showed that each party had a right to consider itself aggrieved. If the heroes of the Dunciad resembled in their onslaughts the rude jeering of a boorish wag—Pope did great harm to the literary character. He it was who associated authorship in the public mind with poverty, squalor, debt, drink, cow-hell, garrets, and lofts from which the landlady had removed the ladder.

He concluded by reading the celebrated final passage of the "Dunciad," in which Pope prophesies and describes the triumph of Dulness and Nox, lines which Johnson used to call "noble," but which, brilliant as they are, scarcely claim the rank in poetic literature which Mr. Thackeray attributed to them at the close of this most interesting discourse.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW AND ITS CONTRIBUTORS.

WITHIN a year of half a century ago, and on a summer night, three young men were gaily chatting on the literature of the day, on the want of spirited periodicals, and on the feasibility of founding a new one, in a garret in Buccleuch-place, an obscure street in the old town of Edinburgh. Two of them were Edinburgh men, and students of law, although the one purposed to join the bar of his native city, and the other that of London; the third, their companion, was an English curate to whom his patron, the squire of his parish, had committed the care of a son while pursuing his studies at the then famous University of Edinburgh. The aspirant to the honors of the Scottish bar was slender and diminutive in figure, but with eyes of sparkling brilliancy. The future English barrister was tall and spare, with a peculiar nose, and every movement indicated the "fidget." The curate had a jolly twinkle in his eye, and

his form predicted obesity. These three youths were FRANCIS JEFFREY, HENRY BROUGHAM, and SYDNEY SMITH, and they were projecting *The Edinburgh Review*. Thirty years later we find them in different positions. Jeffrey had attained the highest official honors of his native country: he was Lord Advocate of Scotland, and represented its metropolis in Parliament. Sydney Smith had proved too much of a humorist and *bon vivant* to be made a Bishop, but he had risen high in the Church, and was soon to be appointed Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's. Brougham was Lord High Chancellor of England.

Friendless, unknown, and prospectless, the three young men published the first number of *The Edinburgh Review* in October, 1802. Sydney Smith was its first editor, but he left Edinburgh the following year, when Jeffrey succeeded him, and did not relinquish the post until 1829. How the new publication succeeded, and why it succeeded, need scarcely be recapitulated now. All the daring ideas in philosophy, history, and political economy, which had been elaborated and accumulated during the eighteenth century, were unfamiliar to the general public, and *The Edinburgh Review* was the organ through which their diffusion took place. Liberalism was just rearing its head among the respectable classes, and they welcomed the advocacy of men of talent and refinement. Jeffrey sparkled, Brougham thundered, Smith humorized. Soon after their first publication, burst out the new development of literature which makes the first quarter of the nineteenth century famous—Byron, Scott, Moore, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and to this add the splendid discoveries of Davy and others in science, and it will be seen what need the public had of a knot of lively critics to prescribe or to help its judgment. Every number was a success. To have "an article in *The Edinburgh*" was deemed an honor by a man like Hazlitt. You might doubt its sagacity or its virtue, but its talent made every one read it. The sincerest religionist could scarcely refrain a laugh over one of Sydney Smith's expositions of Methodism—the few cultivators of German literature split their sides as they read Jeffrey's demolition of *Wilhelm Meister*. The disciples of Mr. Pitt trembled when they heard that Brougham had a new paper on the Continental War. As liberalism made way, its advocates in *The Edinburgh* made theirs. Of the three original projectors, Brougham alone survives, and Jeffrey may be said to have been the happiest. Unlike Brougham, he did not sway a senate, for, though his vivid and logical style was duly appreciated in the House, he was on the whole unsuccessful there. Unlike Sydney Smith, he was not the witty oracle of the highest circles; he did not, in London, attain the honors of a brilliant and commanding conversationalist. But he sipped the champagne of London society, he sparkled at Holland House, he was flattered as the brilliant editor, and his last years were spent in a congenial sphere. He was a Judge in the Supreme Court of his native city, and his residence, beautifully situated some miles from Edinburgh, in a valley at the foot of the finely-wooded hills, was to the last the resort of the gifted and accomplished, whether from near at hand or from afar. He did some eighteen months ago, within a short interval from the decease of his chief literary foe, William Wordsworth.

Jeffrey ceased to be editor of *The Edinburgh* in 1829, and Sydney Smith's last article was published in 1827; but Brougham still continued for many years to contribute, and, indeed, is still occasionally understood to contribute, although it is said *The Law Review* is the organ which he chiefly favors. But some years before his withdrawal, Jeffrey had secured the services of two contributors, both of whom in some respects, and one of them especially, almost made amends for his own and Sydney Smith's absence: they were Thomas Babington Macaulay and Thomas Carlyle. About the year 1825, Macaulay, then a young student at Cambridge, and utterly unknown, although he had published some spirited lyrics in an Edinburgh magazine, despatched, without acquaintance or introduction, his famous paper on Milton to the editor of *The Edinburgh Review*. Under such circumstances an ordinary editor would have thrown it aside, but Jeffrey was not an ordinary editor, and Macaulay became an accepted, a favored, and a constant contributor. Up to 1835, when he went to India, almost every number contained an article from his brilliant pen, chiefly on the history and literature of England during the last two centuries, precisely the class of subject most fitted to interest. On his return from India appeared his striking article on Lord Bacon; and to his residence there we owe, no doubt, the familiar coloring which invests two of the best of his essays—those on Clive and Warren Hastings. Of late years, the composition of his *History* has withdrawn him from *The Edinburgh*. The last article of his there that we remember, was that upon Barrère, a tremendous invective against the "Anacreon of the Guillotine." It was read in MS., as we have heard from one present, at Holland House, before a distinguished party of literary people; for Lady Holland, long after the death of her husband, and though fragile and decrepid, maintained the traditional reputation of the mansion as a hothouse of literature and art; and one of the chief of her few visits out of doors was to the library of the British Museum, where her apparition in a wheeled chair (for she could not walk) will not be easily forgotten. Thomas Carlyle, on the other hand, though a far less popular writer than Macaulay, produced a profound impression on the thoughtful and serious minds of the time. His articles began in 1827, and for six years he was a pretty regular contributor. Yet, how different from Jeffrey! Jeffrey had depreciated Burns: in the pages of the same review, Carlyle penned a noble and massive panegyric of the Scottish Peasant. Jeffrey had condemned German literature in the mass and in detail—had "cut up" Goethe, and sneered at Richter as a clumsy and low-bred sentimentalist: Carlyle put forth his utmost powers to proclaim modern German literature as little less than a new revelation. Jeffrey had sung the praises of modern progress, and the triumphs of machinery—Carlyle, in *The Signs of the Times*, asserted that these boasted triumphs were leading to the subjugation of mind by matter. These heterodox opinions did not fail to startle the ordinary contributors to the *Review*. We have heard it said, but cannot vouch for the truth of the anecdote, that on the publication of Carlyle's remarkable piece, entitled "Characteristics," Lord Brougham declared that he would write no more in *The Edinburgh* if "that man's" articles were suffered any long-

er to appear. It is creditable to Jeffrey and to Carlyle that no differences of opinion interfered to impair a friendly intimacy. To the last they were on terms, and the only time we ever visited Lord Jeffrey's mansion, there lay on his drawing-room table Carlyle's *French Revolution*, a gift from the author.

On the resignation of Jeffrey, the editorship of the *Review* devolved upon Mr. Macvey Napier, an Edinburgh Advocate, and the editor of that bulky specimen of publishing enterprise, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Mr. Napier continued to be editor up to the time of his death, some eight or ten years ago. He was a man of tact and industry, though not of shining parts; the *Review* had received a powerful impulse when placed in his hands, and if it a little lost it during his management, it was no fault of his. The *Edinburgh Review* continued to be the organ of the Whigs, but then it was of the Whigs in power, not out of it. Its tone was more defensive than offensive; its party, from the besiegers, had become the besieged. The organ which had once been thought too liberal was now, for some, not liberal enough; and the ardent Radicals of the Bentham School, with Mr. James Mill at their head, started *The Westminster* in rivalry. Still, on the whole, *The Edinburgh* maintained its pre-eminence. Though literature was not as it had been, and with the Reform Bill expired the series of works which, commencing with *Childe Harold* and ending with the last of the *Waverley Novels*, had given such scope for critical power, the apparent loss was, perhaps, in reality a gain. The articles more and more assumed the appearance of original essays, for which new books only served as a pretext. Macaulay often dismissed in a sentence the work whose title was prefixed to his article. Mr. George Moir, then Professor of Belles Lettres in Edinburgh University, produced a charming series of articles on the classical literature of England, written in a style remarkable for flexibility and melody, and among which a paper on Sir Thomas Browne stands out distinctly in our memory. Philosophy found, in the pages of *The Edinburgh*, its profoundest British expositor, Sir William Hamilton, now Professor of Logic at Edinburgh, a man who, above all living men, is most deeply versed in the history of metaphysical thought, and who at present forms the centre of the literary and scientific circle which still survives at Edinburgh. Political economy, the progress of manufactures, social science generally, were handled by Mr. Maculloch, the well known economist and compiler, and who has been rewarded by a lucrative post in the Stationery Office for the zeal with which he labored to prepare public opinion for a change in the commercial policy of the country. Finally, the rhetorical and vigorous pen of Brougham was still to be traced in many an article on history and politics, lashing his foes and defending his friends with unabated ardor.

Literature has sometimes been called a republic, where a fair field and no favor is open to all comers, and genius and talent win the day. Yet something of family influence may often be traced in its arrangements. The present editor of *The Quarterly Review*, Mr. Lockhart, is a son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott: the present editor of *The Edinburgh Review*, Mr. Empson, is a son-in-law of Lord Jeffrey. Sir Walter Scott was a founder of the one, and Lord Jeffrey of the other;

so that the hereditary principle is to be traced even in Literature. Mr. Empson married Lord Jeffrey's only child, and has long been a Professor in the East India Company's College, at Haileybury. Though not himself a powerful writer, he is admirably qualified for the post of editor, being a gentleman of conciliatory and winning manners, and, as he possesses a large connexion in the highest literary circles, some of the best pens in England are co-operating in contributions to the *Review*. If called on to name the characteristic feature of his editorship, we should say that he has given the *Review* a more solid, serious, and scholarly air than it wore in former years, which arises, probably, from the fact that his own pursuits have been those chiefly of philosophical speculation. Great attention has been paid to recent religious movements, especially to that of the Tractarians on the one hand, and, on the other, to that of the latitudinarian seceders from the Church, such as Messrs. Froude, John Henry Newman, and Foxton. This description of article has generally proceeded from the pen of Mr. Henry Rogers, who, like the late Dr. Cooke Taylor, entered literary life under the auspices of Dr. Whateley, the present Archbishop of Dublin, and whose memoir of Edmund Burke, prefixed to the ordinary edition of his collected works, may have long been familiar to those of our readers who are also readers of the great Irishman. A survey of the present contributors to *The Edinburgh Review* takes us into every sphere of intellectual life. That article on the Russian empire and its relations to Turkey, bearing the stamp of a thoughtful and genial traveller in the East, came from Mr. Monckton Milnes, who has thrown it carelessly off after one of his eclectic breakfasts, at which a bishop has been introduced for the first time in his life to a Chartist leader, and the Superior of a Protestant order of Sisters of Charity has been chatting with Miss Harriet Martineau. The lively characterization of the satirist Churchill, and the criticism of *King Arthur*, which will delight the eager vanity of Bulwer, are from the chamber in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where Mr. John Forster, the editor of the *Examiner*, holds his levees of dramatists and authors, and has an encouraging word for each. And whose is this striking criticism on the strange novel of *Shirley*, which Miss Bronte has just sent from her father's parsonage among the lonely Yorkshire moors? It is from the pen of Mr. G. H. Lewes, of *The Leader*, the biographer of philosophy, the novelist, historian, dramatist, critic, one of the most genial and versatile of writers and companions, and of whom, when we come to the newspaper press, we shall have more to say. And then the Universities, English and Scotch, send each its quota. Professor Spalding, of St. Andrew's, wrote this survey of criticism on Shakespeare. Sir William Hamilton, of Edinburgh, writes no longer, but his place is well supplied by Professor De Morgan, of University College, in whose brawny style you trace his athletic and vigorous habits. The Professor was examined before the late Commission on the British Museum, and gave evidence strongly in favor of the new catalogue. No wonder, then, that this sturdy defence of Mr. Panizzi in *The Edinburgh* is from the pen of the Mathematician of University College. And here, from Mr. Panizzi himself, is the product of elaborate research in that vast library, into the past aggressions of past Popes on this and other kingdoms.

Two other professors who contribute to *The Edinburgh*, one from Cambridge and the other from Oxford, are Mr. Venables, and Sir George Stephen, late of the Colonial Office. Miss Martineau declares that *Deerbrook* never met with fine appreciation until Mr. Venables reviewed it. The religious world of all denominations stands surprised at Sir George's papers on ecclesiastical biography, and wonders who it can be that sympathizes so keenly with, and paints so vividly, devotees the most unlike—Francis Xavier and Ignatius Loyola—Isaac Taylor and William Wilberforce! Do you ask who it is that in these material days still studies philosophy, and ventures to introduce Victor Cousin to the practical English public? It is Mr. Morell, the historian of speculative philosophy, and whose large book on that topic has recommended him to the notice of Government, and procured him the honorable and congenial post of Inspector of Schools. See these two papers, which the thread of the bookbinder has brought into juxtaposition—how unlike in subject, style, and authorship: one is a subtle and refined disquisition on Tennyson, and Keats, and Shelley. It comes from the flower-decked boudoir of Mr. Aubrey de Vere, a young Irish gentleman of fortune, and a sweet and thoughtful poet. The other, on some political topic of the day, savors strongly of Downing street—Sir David Dundas, the Judge-Advocate, may have written it, or Sir Denis le Marchant, and perhaps the Prime Minister himself deigned to glance at the proofs!

Such are some of the chief features of *The Edinburgh Review* and its contributors as they were and are.—(*London Critic*.)

SOME OLD NOTICES OF JAPAN.

[Concluded from our last.]

THE English arrived in Japan in 1613, and quitted it in 1623, so that their whole experience of that empire was but of ten years' duration. Fifty years after, they attempted, in the reign of Charles the Second, to renew their intercourse, but were baffled by the Dutch, who represented their king as having for wife a countrywoman of the rebels who had so recently endangered the empire; and this is supposed to have been sufficient to defeat the scheme of a renewed intercourse. Both their first mission under James the First, and their last under the Merry Monarch, were received in a very friendly and hospitable manner by the Japanese court; but it seems to us that our countrymen were, at the moment, wholly unequal to the conduct of so distant and precarious a branch of trade, which even the Portuguese and Dutch, with ampler means, only carried on because they enjoyed each in their time an exclusive monopoly of it. The first English ship brought an ill-assorted cargo, and returned without any cargo at all. The Japanese appear at one time to have had rather a strange and fanciful opinion of the English, not perhaps in all respects, however, beside the truth. It is given by Captain Saris, the Agent, or as he is queerly called, "the General," of the Hon. Company of Merchants, writing in the following words:

The twentieth (of June, 1613) a Soma or Iunke of the *Flemmings* arrived at *Langsoaque*, from *Syam*, laden with Brasill wood and skins of all sorts, wherein it was said that there were *Englishmen*, but proved to be *Flemmings*. For that before our coming, they passed ge-

nerally by the name of *Englishmen*; for our *English* Nation hath been long known by report among them, but much scandalled by the *Portugale* Jesuites, as pyrates and rovers upon the seas; so that the naturals have a song which they call the *English Crosonia*, shewing how the *English* doe take the *Spanish* ships, which they (singing) doe act likewise in gesture with their *Cattans* by their sides, with which song and acting, they terrifie and skare their children, as the *French* sometimes did theirs with the name of the Lord Talbot.

It is remarkable that both the *English* and *Dutch* trade in *Japan* were established chiefly through the influence of an *Englishman*, whose four letters rendering an account of himself and of *Japan* form an interesting portion of the present publication of the *Hakluyt Society*. *William Adams* was a native of *Gillingham*, in *Kent*, and served a twelve years' apprenticeship to a shipowner of *Limehouse*. He acted afterwards as pilot in one of the ships of the *Royal Navy*, and in the same capacity served the *Dutch* in their first adventure to *Japan*. Here his merit attracted the notice of the Emperor, with whom he became a great favorite, having access to him when it was often denied to his highest ministers. Possessed of this influence, he invited his countrymen to trade with *Japan*, and it was his influence which secured to them a friendly reception. The Emperor conferred on him his and heirs for ever a lordship of one hundred farns, and many vassals. Singularly contrasted with the liberality of the *Japanese* monarch is the strange haggling of the *East India Company*, now the masters of a revenue of 20,000,000*l.* a year, about an advance of 20*l.* which they had made to the wife and children of *Adams* in *England*! This man, of low origin and rough education, was unquestionably a person of original character and true merit. He died in *Japan*, after a residence there of twenty years; and his will, transmitted to *England*, is to be found in the archives of the *India House*, in the *Japanese* language.

As a fair example of the present publication of the *Hakluyt Society*, we shall give a specimen from the first essay of the volume, which is printed from the *Harleian* manuscripts, and entitled *A Description of the Kingdome of Japonia*.

The inhabitantes shewe a notable witte, and an incredible pacience in sufferinge, labour, and sorrowes. They take greate and diligent care lest, either in worde or deede, they shoulde shewe either feare, or dulnesse of mynde, and lest they should make any man (whosoever he be) partaker of their trowbles and wantes. They covet exceedinglye honour and prayse; and povertie with them bringeth no dammage to the nobilitie of bloude. They suffer not the least iniurie in the worlde to passe vnrevenged. For gravitie and curtesie they gyve not place to the *Spainardes*. They are generally affable and full of compliments. They are very punctuall in the entertayning of strangers, of whom they will curiously inquire even tryfles of forreyne people, as of their manners, and such like thinges. They will as soone lose a limbo as omit one ceremonie in welcoming a friend. They use to give and receive the cup at one the other hands, and before the master of the house begins to drinke, hee will proffer the cup to every one of his guests, making shew to have them to begin. Fish, rootes, and rice are their common junkets, and if they chauce to kill a hen, ducker, or pigge, which is but seldome, they will not like charles eat it alone; but their friends shall be surely partakers of it. The most parte of them that

dwel in cyties can write and reade. They only studie martiall feates and are delighted in armes. They are far from all avarice, and for that cause detest both dice and all other playe which is for gayne.

The people be fayre and verie comely of shape. The marchantes, althoughve very riche and wealthye, yet nothing accompted of there; those that are of nobilitie are greatly esteemed althoughve they be never so poore. Both men and women goe bareheaded without any difference, both in the sunne and rayne. They washe theyre yonge children in rivers as sone as they are borne, and when they are weaned they are taken out of their mothers sight, and are exercised in huntunge and armes. When theyre children once come to fourteene yeares oulde, they wear sword and dagger, and as they be taught, do revenge the least iniurye that is offred them.

They have the same kyndes of beastes that we have, both tame and wilde, but they seldome eat anye flesh, but that which is taken with huntunge. Indeed they delighte not much in fleshe, they lyve for the most parte with hearbes, fyshe, barley, and ryce; which thinges are their chiefe nowrishmentes. Their ordinarye drinke is water, and that is made most times hot in the same pot where they seeth their ryce, that so it may receive some thicknesse and substance from the ryce. They have strong wine and rack distill'd of ryce, of which they will sometimes drinke largely, especially at their feasts and meetings, and being moved to anger, or wrath, in the heate of their drinke, you may as soone perswade tygres to patience and quietnesse as them, so obstinate and willfull they are in the furie of their impatience. As concernynge another drinke, they take great delighte in water mingled with a certeine powder which is very pretiouse, which they call *CHIA*.

Theire buyldinges are for the most parte of tymber, for the mediterranean countreys hath almost no stone, and it aboundeth with trees very fyte for buyldinges, amongst which there are cedars that growe to a marvelous height and bignesse. At *Falcata* there is a wood of pine trees neere about three mile square, which is all the summer time swept and kept so cleane that you shall hardly see any small twig, bough, or leafe, under the trees, and the trees stand so close together, that you may solace and recreate yourselfe there at all hours of the day without any hurt or heate of the sunne. In the midst of it there is a great pagod, or church, very richly adorned with gilded images, and all sortes of curious carved workes. Yet be they cunninge workers in stone. *Ozechya*, the most famous castle that the emperor hath, or that is within the empire, is of an extraordinarie bignesse, and compassed round with three severall walls. The castle of *Edo* is likewise walled and moated, having some few ordnance on it. At *Crates* and *Falcata* there are likewise castles, both walled and moated; the circumference of each of them beinge neere about two miles. The chiefe noblemen of those kyngdomes have houses within the castle walls to come and live there, either at the king's or their own pleasures. Within each of those castles there is a storehouse kept ordinarily full of ryce, which may serve for their provision at all occasions and needs.

Every one may change his name three times: when he is a childe; when he is a young man; and when he is ould. Some change their names more often. Every one as he pleaseth may make choyce of his owne name; and they are commonly named either by the king, or else by some noble or great-man with whom they are chiefly in favour. They have the use of writing and printing, and have had, the space of many years: no man knowes certainly how long. They have seven sortes of letters, each single letter serving for a word, and many of them in their placing serve for six or seven, and each alphabet hath eight and fortie letters; and yet with all

these letters they have not the true pronounciation of *u*, *n*, *r*, and some other letters.

They observe no Sabbath, but certaine *Faste* Dayes, according to the moone,—as the first of the moone, the 15, or 28. On these dayes they goe to the church, and visit the sepulchres of the dead. The ninth daye of the moone throughout the year they hold for accursed; and therefore on that daye they will not begin or undertake any worke of consequence or importance. They strictly observe a faste on that day of the moneth on which their father or mother died; which they doe so precisely keepe, that they will not touch or eate anything that hath blood.

This is the fair side of the *Japanese* character, but there is also a very dark one. There is no country pretending to civilization in which life is held so cheap by the law-giver as in *Japan*, and no country in which the sufferer undergoes death with so complete a *sang froid*. Executions, and some for very venial offences, are frequent; and they are accompanied by details of cold ferocity which would be incredible, were they not well authenticated. The writers in the present collection bear testimony to this effect, and their statements are confirmed by *Kœmpfer* and *Thunberg*. The anonymous author of the *Harleian* manuscript gives the following account of the *Japanese* laws:

The lawes are very strict and full of severitie, affordinge no other kinde of punishment, but death, or banishment. Murther, theft, treason, or the violation of any of the emperor's proclamations or edicts, are punished with death; so is adultrie also, if it be knowne, and the parties pursued; but the devill, their master in those actions, hath taught them such cleanly conveyances, that seldom, or never, are they apprehended. They proceed both in controversies and criminal causes according to the verdict of the produced witnesses, and the sentence being once past, they will not revoke or mitigate the severitie of it; but if the parties attached have deserved death, they shall surely have it. And for the maner. They are eyther beheaded, or crucified. He kneels down on his knees, and then comes the executioner behinde him and cuts off his head with a catan, or theyre countrie sword; and his head beinge off, the young cavalliers trie their weapons on his limbs, and prove whether they can cut off an arme or lege at a blowe. The other have their armes and leges spread abroad on a crosse; which done, they set the crosse upright in the ground, and then comes one either with a lance, or speare, and runnes the partie through the bodie. There he hangs untill he rots off: no man being suffered to take him downe.

Captain *Saris*, the envoy of the *East India Company*, who could have known nothing of what his predecessor had written, confirms his account as follows:

The eighth (of July, 1613), three *Japonians* were executed, viz. two men and one woman: the cause this; the woman none of the honestest (her husband being travelled from home) had appointed these two their suerall hoves to repair vnto her. The latter man not knowing of the former, and thinking the time too long, coming in before the houre appointed, found the first man with her already, and enraged thereat, he whipt out his catan, and wounded both of them very sorely, having very neere hewne the chine of the mans back in two. But as well as he might hee cleared himselfe of the woman, and recouering his catan, wounded the other. The street taking notice of the fray, forthwith ceased vpon them, led them aside, and acquainted King *Foyne* therewith, and sent to know his pleasure (for according to his will, the partie is executed), who presently gave order that they

should cut off their heads: which done, every man that listed (as very many did) came to trie the sharpness of their cattans vpon the corps, so that before they left off, they had hewne them all three into peeces as small as a mans hand, and yet notwithstanding did not then giue over, but placing the peeces one vpon another, would try how many of them they could strike through at a Blow; and the peeces are left to the fowles to deuoure.

To conclude, we have to offer our hearty thanks to the Editor of the present volume, Mr. Rundall, who has performed his task with care, truthfulness, and judgment. Possibly he may have somewhat exaggerated the civilization of the Japanese; pardonable enough, however, when obliged to view them, not through modern glasses, but the rude spectacles of our great-great grandsires. One subject, language and literature, is wholly omitted; yet some scattered materials for an account of it might have been gathered from Kœmpfer and Siebold. We trust the Hakluyt Society will go on with its useful and instructive labors. Among the excellent publications it has lately issued is an edition of Hakluyt's own *Divers Voyages*, and a very curious manuscript *Historie of Travaile into Virginia Britannia*, admirably edited by Mr. Major. We are also promised a republication of the very rare *East India Voyage* of Sir Henry Middleton, and some valuable translations from the early Italian and German. We would venture, in addition, to invite the attention of the Council to the great group of the Philippine Islands, about which, to the discredit of one of the civilized nations of Europe, almost as little is known as of hermetically-sealed Japan itself. The works of Pigafetta, from the MSS. in the Ambrosian Library of Milan, and the Antiquities of the Philippines by Fra. Juan de Placentia, published in 1589, especially deserve notice.

THE DRAMA.

THE attention of critics has, during the past week, been attracted to the BROADWAY, upon whose boards two tragic stars, Messrs. Neafie and Buchanan, have arduously striven for the palm of supremacy, recalling to the minds of old stagers a somewhat similar contest between two of the greatest lights that ever shone on our histrionic sphere.

Making all due allowance for the oppressive heat of the weather, they have drawn good houses; and, admitting as testimony the plaudits of the audience, the twain have met with great and general favor.

Mr. Buchanan's delineations of Iago, Macbeth, Othello, and Macduff were bold, original, effective, and though perchance a thought too highly toned and melo-dramatic, yet, when the limited time that he has been upon the boards as a professed actor be considered, every one must admit his merit, and recognise the germ of future eminence, when time and experience shall have mellowed down some of the asperities necessarily exhibited by so young an actor. We congratulate him upon his great improvement since his last engagement at the Broadway, and the distinguished position he has already secured in the profession. The Othello of Mr. Neafie, who has fought his way steadily upwards from the day when he entered upon his profession, was received with much applause, and curiosity was generally excited to witness his Iago,—said to

be his best character,—but unfortunately a severe cold, coupled with great exertion of voice upon Wednesday and Thursday evenings, rendered him incapable of speaking aloud upon Friday night.

On the following evening, although evidently far from well, he sustained the arduous character of Macbeth in a manner that astonished and delighted the audience. Some portions—we may mention the "dagger scene" in particular—secured the breathless silence of the house; so still, indeed, that every whisper was audible, and proved conclusively the intense interest which he excited. He has satisfactorily established a claim to a prominent place upon the stage, from which he is not likely to be shaken.

At the close of the performances both gentlemen were loudly called for, and appearing, hand in hand, were enthusiastically greeted.

Much of their success is due to the able manner in which they were sustained by Madame Ponisi and Miss Anderton; and we cannot refrain from paying a just tribute to the latter's "Lady Macbeth." So much true tragic fire is seldom found in so small a person.

VARIETIES.

GLEANINGS from a new London volume, "The Kaleidoscope of Anecdotes and Aphorisms," collected by CATHERINE SINCLAIR, author of "Lord and Lady Harcourt," "Modern Accomplishments," &c.

I.

The observance of hospitality, even towards an enemy, is inculcated by a Hindoo author, with great elegance. "The sandal, too, imparts its fragrance even to the axe that hews it."

II.

Sydney Smith said there were three things which every man fancied he could do—farm a small property, drive a gig, and write an article for a review.

III.

Voltaire's definition of a physician is: "An unfortunate gentleman, expected every day to perform a miracle; namely, to reconcile health with intemperance."

IV.

The last words of a good old man, Mr. Grimshaw, on his death-bed were these: "Here goes an unprofitable servant!"

V.

If a straw, says Dryden, can be made the instrument of happiness, he is a wise man who does not despise it.

VI.

When James II. insisted very much on Lord ———'s changing his creed, he replied:

"Please your Majesty, I am pre-engaged!"

"How!"

"When last in Egypt, I promised the Pasha if ever I changed my religion to become a Mahometan."

VII.

Champfort said of the ancient Government of France: "It is a monarchy tempered by songs!"

VIII.

Sydney Smith's definition of the Popish Ritual:—Posture and imposture, fections and genuflections, bowing to the right, courtseying to the left, and an immense amount of man-millinery.

IX.

Lady Huntington, when dying, said: "I shall go to my Father this night."

X.

When the rich miser Elwes, who left about a million of money to be divided between his two sons, was advised to give them some education, his answer was: "Putting things into people's heads, is taking money out of their pockets."

XI.

It is not the height to which men are advanced that makes them giddy; it is the looking down with contempt upon those beneath.—*Conversations of Lord Byron.*

XII.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

XIII.

Madame du Deffand said of her cat: "I love her exceedingly, because she is the most amiable creature in the world, but I trouble myself very little about the degree of affection she has for me. I should be sorry to lose her, because I feel that I manage and perpetuate my pleasures, by employing my care to perpetuate her existence."

XIV.

"A patriot is easily made," said Walpole. "It is but refusing an unreasonable demand, and up starts a patriot."

XV.

Talleyrand, speaking of a well known lady, said emphatically, "She is insufferable!" Then, as if relenting, he added, "But that is her only fault."

XVI.

Dr. Parr, when a boy at Harrow, had so very old a face for his age, that one day his contemporary, Sir William Jones, said, looking at him, "Parr, if you should have the good luck to live forty years, you may stand a chance of overtaking your face."

XVII.

Sydney Smith being annoyed one evening by the familiarity of a young gentleman who, though a new acquaintance, was encouraged by the canon's jocular reputation to address him by his surname alone, and hearing him tell that he must go that evening to visit for the first time the Archbishop of Canterbury, the reverend gentleman pathetically said, "Pray don't clap him on the back and call him Howley."

XVIII.

Southey said to a low-spirited friend, "Translate Tristram Shandy into Hebrew, and you will be a happy man."

XIX.

The Lord Chief Justice Kenyon once said to a rich friend asking his opinion as to the probable success of a son, "Sir, let your son forthwith spend his fortune; marry, and spend his wife's; and then he may be expected to apply with energy to his profession."

XX.

Brydone, the traveller, in his old age, heard his own adventures in Sicily read aloud by his family, and quite unconscious that these were the scenes which his own eyes had seen, and his own lively pen described, declared "that it was all very amazing, but he wondered if it was true!"

XXI.

Voltaire was at table one day, when the company were conversing on the antiquity of the world. His opinion being asked, he said, "The world is like an old coquette, who disguises her age."

XXII.

When Coleridge was offered a half-share in these two newspapers, the 'Morning Post' and 'Courier,' by which he could probably have secured £2,000 a year, he replied, "I will not give up the country, and the lazy reading of old

folios, for two thousand times two thousand pounds; in short, beyond £350 a year, I consider money as a real evil."

XXIII.

Oliver Cromwell's grace before dinner:—

"Some have meat, but cannot eat,
And some can eat, but have not meat,
And so—the Lord be praised!"

XXIV.

Pope, in his old age, said: "As much company as I have kept, and as much as I love it, I love reading better. I would rather be employed in reading, than in the most agreeable conversation."

XXV.

When some one said to Horne Tooke, "The law is open to every one," he replied, "So is the London Tavern."

XXVI.

A man's life, says South, is an appendix to his heart.

XXVII.

A chapter from "Horrebow's Natural History of Iceland" concerning Owls: "There are no owls in this island."

XXVIII.

When a gentleman once remarked in company how very liberally those persons talk of what their neighbors should give away, who are least apt to give anything themselves, Sydney Smith replied: "Yes! no sooner does A fall into difficulties than B begins to consider what C ought to do for him."

XXIX.

A physician once boasted to Sir Henry Hallford, saying, "I was the first to discover the Asiatic cholera, and communicate it to the public!"

XXX.

A saddler at Oxford having forgotten to which of his customers he had sold a saddle, desired his clerk to charge it in the bills of all his customers, and has afterwards acknowledged, that two-and-thirty of them paid for it.

XXXI.

"No enjoyment," says Sydney Smith, "however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure."

From "Notes and Queries."

VERSES IN POPE—"BUG" OR "BEE."

Pope, in the *Dunciad*, speaking of the purloining propensities of Bays, has the lines:

"Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole;
How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious bug."

In reading these lines some time ago, I was forcibly struck with the incongruity of the terms "sipp'd" and "industrious," as applied to "bug," and it occurred to me that Pope may have originally written the passage with the words "free" and "bee," as the rhymes of the two last lines. My reasons for this conjecture are these: 1st. Because Pope is known to have been very fastidious on the score of coarse or vulgar expressions; and his better judgment would have recoiled from the use of so offensive a word as "bug." 2dly. Because, as already stated, the terms "sipp'd" and "industrious" are inapplicable to a bug. Of the bug it may be said, that it "sucks" and "plunders;" but it cannot, with any propriety, be predicated of it, as of the bee, that it "sips" and is "industrious." My impression is, that when Pope found he was doing too much honor to Tibbald by comparing him to a bee, he substituted the word "bug" and its corresponding rhyme, without reflecting that

some of the epithets already applied to the one, are wholly inapplicable to the other.

HENRY H. BREEN.

St. Lucia, March, 1851.

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE German correspondent of the *Christian Review* writes that the lectures of the lamented Neander, on Church History, etc., are soon to appear in fifteen volumes, edited by Prof. Julius Müller, of Halle. The Interpretation of the Gospel of St. John will form the first part of this great work. Prof. Tholuck has recently put forth a new and thoroughly revised edition of his Commentary on the Hebrews. The new edition of the great work by Boeckh, on the Political Economy of Athens, is very much praised; it is pronounced "indispensable to every one who would form the most complete and just conception of Athenian life." A new edition of Juvenal has been published by Otto Jahn, at Leipsic; it is said to be "the most critical" of all that have hitherto appeared. The new edition of Krüger's Greek Grammar is generally spoken of as "the best Greek Grammar now in use, in Germany." New editions of Pindar, Demosthenes, Herodotus, Thucydides, Virgil, Livy, and Cicero, have lately appeared in the "*Bibliotheca Teubneriana*," printed at Leipsic. The object of this series is simply to present the most accurate text, well printed, and at the most moderate price; and so far it has rather gained the preference over the *Tauchnitz* series, heretofore so extensively used in America. A great number of political books of a *reactionary* tendency (that is, having a return to the former strict monarchical system of government), have likewise appeared in Germany. We also notice that the following American books have been recently translated into German:—Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature;" Wilkes's "United States Exploring Expedition;" the works of Dr. Channing; "Elements of Zoology," by Agassiz and Gould, and Emerson's "Arithmetic." The last named work is entitled "Nordamerikanisches Elementar-Reichenbuch," and is printed at Halle.

RUBENS'S CRUCIFIXION.—Mr. Alderman Kelly, the well known publisher of London, has just completed the publication of his "Life of Christ," a work of great merit, and has distinguished the completion by an act of generosity as appropriate to the occasion as it is liberal in its nature. He has determined on presenting to every subscriber to the work a splendid mezzotint engraving, on a large scale, of Rubens's celebrated picture of the Crucifixion. A proof of the engraving is now before us, and we are glad to find that the execution of the plate is fully worthy of the fame of the original.—*Liverpool Times*.

COPYRIGHT MEETING.—A public meeting was to be held in London early this month by British authors, publishers, printers, stationers, and others interested in an equitable adjustment of British and Foreign copyright, to consider their interests as affected by recent law decisions, and as to the best means of bringing about a reciprocity. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton was to be Chairman, assisted by Mr. H. G. Bohn, the publisher, as Vice-Chairman.

Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS have issued a new catalogue of their publications, bearing date Cliff street only, and containing all the novelties recently announced by them. On looking this over we find its numbering and proportions are, Books differently enumerated, 1285; comprised in 1686 volumes; 540 original, and 745 reprints, as follows:

History and Biography.—262 books; 485 volumes; 127 original; 135 reprints.

Travel and Adventure.—115 books; 163 volumes; 66 original; 49 reprints.

Theology and Religion.—103 books; 142 volumes; 52 original; 51 reprints.

Education, College, and School.—124 books; 128 volumes; 92 original; 32 reprints.

Arts, Sciences, and Medicine.—90 books; 103 volumes; 41 original; 49 reprints.

General Literature, Belles-Lettres.—591 books; 665 volumes; 162 original; 429 reprints.

Making in all 1285 books; 1686 volumes; 540 original; 745 reprints.

In the 540 copyright works are included many valuable translations. The principal balance against copyright works being the reprints of novels; 260 out of 323, among the 591 books of general literature, are such.

Out of these works are made up the well known special collections bound uniformly and appropriately, viz:

Harper's Family Library, 187 volumes 18mo.

" New Miscellany, 26 " 12mo.

" Boy's and Girl's Library, 32 volumes 18mo.

Harpers' Classical Library, 37 volumes 18mo.

" Fireside Library, 8 " 18mo.

" School District Library, in Six Series—altogether 296 volumes 18mo.

Surely here are some marks made on the page of the History of Publishing by individual energy and enterprise!

Messrs. H. LONG & BROTHER have in press a new Sea Story—"Ralph Rutherford," by the author of *Canvass*. Also, the conclusion of "Lewis Arundel; or, the Railroad of Life," now appearing in Sharpe's Magazine.

LE COURRIER DES ETATS UNIS.—This well established journal now appears daily and weekly, all other issues being discontinued. In another column will be found an advertisement setting forth the terms, and we are pleased to see the ability and taste which have conducted this favorite journal rewarded by success and the call for "more," which induces the change. The Paris correspondence is racy, peculiar, and superior to anything of the kind published in this city. Among the late numbers is a full account of that new chapter in "Celebrated Trials"—the trial of Count Bocarmé and his wife for poisoning.

Mr. Webster, in his recent speech, referring to the early history of the United States, says of *Books*: "In respect to literature, with the exception of some books of elementary education and some theological treatises, of which scarcely any but those of Jonathan Edwards have any permanent value, and some works on local history and politics, like Hutchinson's Massachusetts, Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, the Federalist, Belknap's New Hampshire, and Morse's Geography, and a few others, America had not produced a single work of any repute in literature. We were almost wholly dependent on imported books. Even our Bibles and Testaments were, for the most part, printed abroad. The book trade is now one of the greatest branches of business, and many works of standard value and of high reputation in Europe as well as at home have been produced by American authors in every department of literary composition.

Messrs. GOUFIL & Co. have ready a new print, "Politics in an Oyster House," after Woodville.

FITZ GREENE HALLECK.—The *Atlas* states that this gentleman, so well known as a writer, and who would have been the first American poet but for the fact that his humor always ran away with him, is now residing in his native town of Guilford, Ct., where he intends passing the declining years of his life. The same paper hints that Mr. H. is now engaged upon a record of his life and times.

HAMILTON COLLEGE.—The annual commencement of Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., will be held Wednesday, July 23d.

Sunday evening, the 20th, an Address will be delivered by Prof. HOPKINS of Auburn Theo. Sem.

Monday, P.M., the Sigma Phi Society will be addressed by Rev. Dr. THOMPSON of Buffalo, and a Poem read by Rev. RUFUS H. BACON of Rochester.

Tuesday, P.M., the Alumni will be addressed by Hon. Geo. W. CLINTON of Buffalo, of the class of 1825.

At four o'clock the Psi Upsilon Society will be addressed by Wm. E. ROBINSON, Esq. of New York, and a Poem read by Rev. H. W. PARKER of Ithaca.

Tuesday evening, Mr. G. P. R. JAMES, the novelist, will address the Literary Societies, and a Poem will be read by Mr. JNO. J. SAXE of Burlington, Vt.

Messrs. BLANCHARD & LEA, Philadelphia, have now ready the third edition of Dr. Carpenter's Principles of General and Comparative Physiology, in one large 8vo. of 1100 pages, with 321 woodcuts.

We learn from the "Bibliotheca Sacra," published by Warren & Draper, Andover, that the Works of the Rev. Dr. S. Hopkins, in 4 vols., and the Writings of John Robinson, of Leyden, are to appear in the autumn—to be issued under the auspices of the American Doctrinal Book and Tract Society.

A memoir of Rev. Dr. S. Worcester, Cor. Sec. Am. Board for Foreign Missions, is preparing by his son. To be in 2 vols. 12mo.

Rev. Dr. J. Proudfit is preparing a History of the Huguenots, who came from France and settled in New York and New Jersey.

Professor Torrey's translation of Neander's Church History, volume 4, is in press at Andover. The only complete translation of this work ever made.

A new edition of Kuhner's School Greek Grammar is also in press at Andover.

Prof. Felton is preparing a new selection of Reading Lessons in Greek. In extracts from Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon will be given,

as far as possible, a connected Political and Civil History of Greece.

A Translation of the Book of Proverbs with Commentary, is in preparation by Prof. Stuart. The translation of Mosheim's Historical Commentaries is printed and will soon be published in two 8vo. volumes.


Messrs. J. P. JEWETT, Boston, are about to publish in 5 vols. 12mo., the Works of Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher.

Messrs. GEORGE H. DERBY & Co., Buffalo, will publish shortly Mr. Squier's new book—"Antiquities of the State of New York," being the result of extensive original Surveys and Explorations, with supplements and 14 quarto plates and 80 engravings. Also, by Miss C. B. Porter, in one large 12mo., profusely illustrated, "The Silver Cup; or, Sparkling Drops from many Fountains."

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 4. Emoluments of the Bar and Judicial Salaries; Diplomatic and Consular Expenditure, *Spectator*.
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